

The Smart Screen Magazine

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Janet Gaynor

Charles Sheldon

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Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom



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Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

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If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

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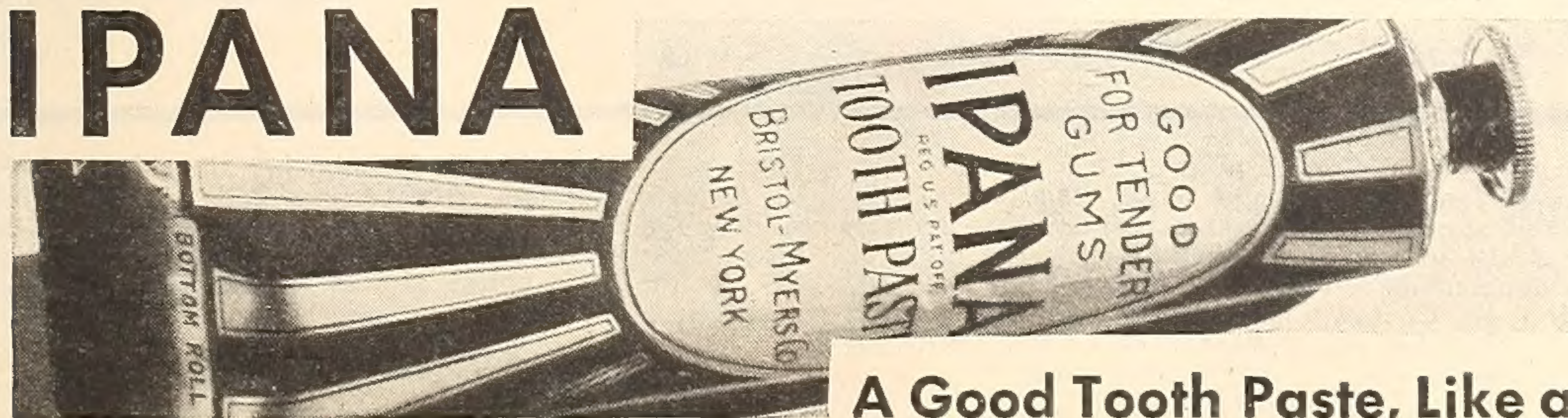
Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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JUN 19 1933

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

"I'M A MOVIE STAR, TOO!"

"BUT I haven't gone Hollywood. My name is Jock, and I am co-starring with Jill in Morgan Dennis' movies. That doesn't make me high-hat, though—I'll always be just a nice, simple, home dog. Mr. Dennis tells me that he has made a drawing of one of my distant cousins, a pretty brunette named Sadie, who belongs to Joan Crawford; and that the drawing will be given to the person who sends in the nicest pet photograph. Can't help hoping, myself, that one of my own relatives will be the 'pet' in the winning photograph; but I'm told the pet can be one of those silly cats, or a clumsy horse, or a fresh parrot, or a great big St. Bernard, or what-have-you. I can't see why any person should want any kind of a pet other than a Scottie, but then, I *am* prejudiced, I'll admit—and I'd better be sporting and extend my best wishes to everybody entering the pet contest, and to ask them to come and see me and Jill on the screen.

July, 1933

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Hollywood's Own Pet Show! And Yours, Too! An Original Drawing of Joan Crawford and her Scottie by Morgan Dennis. The Girl Who Couldn't Stay Away (Ann Dvorak). "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Johnny Weissmuller). Boys Will Be Birds! (Frederic March and Cary Grant). A Summer Carolé (Carole Lombard). With a Hey, Money-Money and a Hot Cha-charm! ("Gold Diggers of 1933"). She's a Daisy, Suh! (Una Merkel). He's a Tennis Menace! (Warner Baxter). F-L-A-S-H! (Adrienne Ames in Exclusive Fashions). S-P-L-A-S-H! (Martha Sleeper, Mary Carlisle and Maureen O'Sullivan). The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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W. COTTON



METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

MARION DAVIES...

an absolutely bewitching creature in PEG O' MY HEART!

When J. Hartley Manners wrote the stage play he asked for a lot...a child of the sea and the sun whose natural charm was so great that sophisticated London society would fall down and worship her. In M-G-M-Cosmopolitan's screen version Marion Davies is the very elfin creature that Manners must have dreamed about..."Peg O' My Heart" is a sensitive and beautiful production by Robert Z. Leonard, from an adaptation by Francis Marion.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.



"Her naturalness, charm and vivacity are refreshing and exhilarating," carols an enthusiastic admirer of Ruby Keeler. And her work in "42nd Street" amply supports him. You'll see Ruby soon again in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

THE GOLDEN LINING! (First Prize Letter in "Private Lives" Discussion)

Yes, yes, it *must* be unpleasant to have one's every word and act pounced upon and perhaps misrepresented. But it means *Box Office*—magic words! I've attended many a picture just because my interest had been aroused by reading SCREENLAND's sparkling personal news of the players.

Famous personalities must bow to this intimate attitude of the public or face oblivion. The screen's newest and grandest star, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, has won our hearts with his frankness in telling us all about his plans. Already I suffer keen disappointment when a newsreel fails to present him.

Like the village belle, movie stars cannot escape gossip. But if it means fame and fortune—why worry?

Lucetta Argo,
525 E. Ninth St.,
New Albany, Ind.

AND YET— (Score One for the "Nays"— Second Prize Letter)

How much need we know about the private lives of our movie favorites? Just as much as they choose to disclose!

I heartily sympathize with Garbo, for instance, in her desire to keep her private life "private." She realizes that it is not Garbo the woman, but Garbo the screen character, that the public should be interested in. Movie fans have mentally set her up on a pedestal, and worship her as an object of perfection and charm. If we were to discover that Garbo's charm were artificial and that she were just one of us, our goddess would fall in ruins about our feet. And what a calamity that would be!

In this day of stark realism let's treasure our few ideals!

Elizabeth A. Miller,
2 Forest Side Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

HALF ALOOF BETTER THAN NONE! (Third Prize Letter)

We moviegoers feel a friendly interest and natural curiosity toward our favorites. And it's a source of pleasure to know that the grand folks of the films are real people, with home problems, babies and budgets, and a weakness for fame, flattery, Ford cars, onions, and eternal youth. Just like the rest of us!

So I read and thrill to every item concerning my movie idols. And I confess that I'd feel cheated if my favorite magazine failed to publish the "inside dope" regarding their courageous struggles, their beautiful homes and clothes, their high pride and achievements.

But as to their domestic troubles, their affairs of the heart, their human mistakes and pasts, if any—I consider such things just none of our gosh darn business!

Margretta Lee,
4625 Drexel Blvd., Apt. 31,
Chicago, Ill.
(Continued on page 89)

The Public Be Heard!

Write away—the best
letters pay!

Scrappy days are here again! Readers have risen to arms—or to pens and typewriters—and bombarded us with "Yeas" and "Nays" in reply to this question in our May issue:

How much need we know about the private lives of our movie favorites? Does it shatter one's perfect mental image of the stars to know all there is to be known about them?

Some say one thing and some say another—and the best letters on both sides are printed herewith. Read—and cast the deciding vote to suit yourself!

Among the other movie matters receiving attention in this month's mail are the foreign-versus-American-performer question; and that always delightful pursuit of hailing new and familiar favorites. Ruby Keeler and Dorothea Wieck are the particular pets of the "rave-artists."

Here's another timely topic for cinema discussion:

"Has the movie public become 'fed up' with romance? Has it begun to yearn for some other type of excitement in its screen entertainment? Or does romance still rule the screen?"

Well, how about you? Romantic themes still flourish on the screen, but now we're getting more and more of politics, pacifism, wild animals, aviation, and so on. Do you feel that screen romance is on the decline, and that such other topics as these will supersede it? Let's have your vote! The best letters on this and all other topics will be equally eligible for those monthly prizes of \$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5 for the four best efforts.

Write 150 words or less, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address the "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

**Meet Alma Mammy
and
Her Hotcha Pappy!**

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to
gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed
rhapsody of kissable co-eds know
it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long
underwear, but plenty of campus
life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

A Paramount Picture with

**BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS & ALLEN**

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

Here's college daze and Ox-road nights
... done by a cast of song-dance-and
laugh stars... borrowed from Broadway,
the Radio, and Hollywood!

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ASK ME!

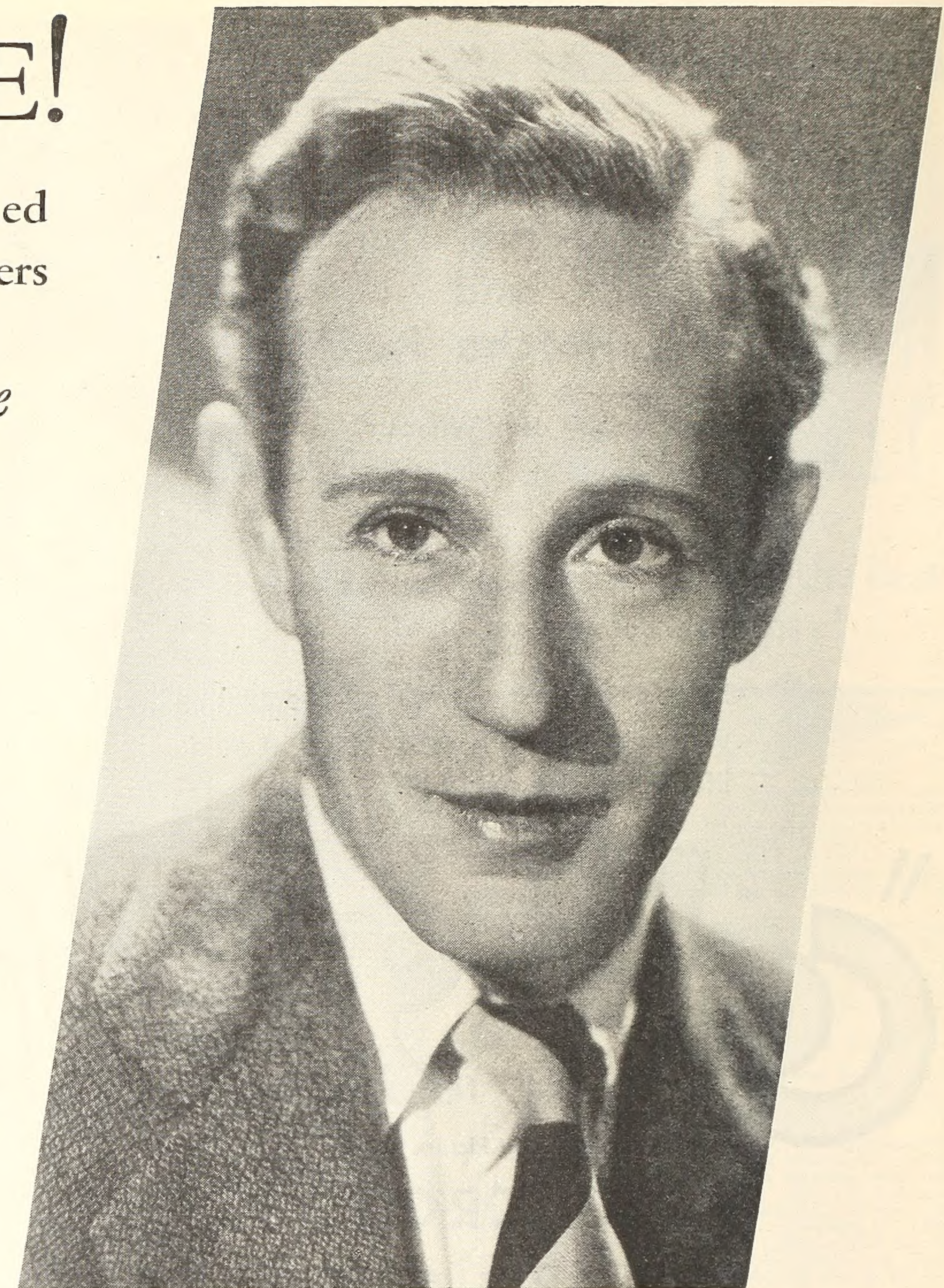
Keeping you informed
on film plays and players

By Miss Vee Dee

Pickford Fan. As far as your fans and all the rest of the world are concerned, Mary, you are still "America's Sweetheart." Don't miss "Secrets," her new picture with Leslie Howard. Mary started her stage career at the age of five with a stock company in Toronto, Canada, where she was born April 8, 1893. When she was eight she traveled with a road show and a year later was the youthful star of the company's offering. She appeared in a David Belasco play on Broadway when about fourteen years old and later decided to try motion pictures. Her first picture, a 500-foot film called "Her First Biscuits," was made under the direction of David Wark Griffith. Among her best known pictures of later years are, "Pollyanna," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Rosita," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Little Annie Rooney," "Sparrows," "My Best Girl" and "The Taming of the Shrew," co-starring with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, in the later film. "Coquette" was her first talking picture. Mary has golden hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was married to Douglas Fairbanks on March 28, 1920.

Blondie. Lee Tracy doesn't say which he prefers, blondes, brunettes, or red-heads in his films. Gather what you can from Lupe Velez, who played with him in "The Half-Naked Truth"; from Constance Cummings, his leading lady in "Washington Merry Go-Round," and ask Mary Brian, who played with him in "Blessed Event." He usually falls for all colors in the end, in his pictures. Lee was born in Atlanta, Ga., on April 14, 1898. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has sandy hair and blue eyes. He began work in pictures in 1929, playing in "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "She Got What She Wanted" and "Liliom." Since then he has played in "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain," "Dr. X," those mentioned above and his next will be "Dinner at Eight," the all-star Metro film. He is a bachelor and adores his mother, with whom he lives.

Hots. Do all the people in my column write me or do I just make up the questions? Why, Hot En-Tot, what a question; believe it or not, with all due apologies to Bob Ripley. I can refer to several screen players of your height of 5 feet 6. There's Greta Garbo, Vilma Banky, now retired from the screen; Billie Dove, Helen Jerome Eddy, Louise Fazenda, Lucile Webster Gleason, Corinne Griffith, who is now in England and Carole Lombard. Nils Asther made a grand come-back in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," with Barbara Stanwyck. Nils is 32 years old, is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was in pictures in Germany before he came to the U. S. in 1927 to appear in "Sorrell and Son" with



H. B. Warner. Joel McCrea and Richard Cromwell are not married. Joel's recent releases are "Bird of Paradise" with Dolores Del Rio and "Rockabye" with Constance Bennett. His next will be "The Silver Cord." Richard Cromwell's latest is "That's My Boy" with Dorothy Jordan and Mae Marsh.

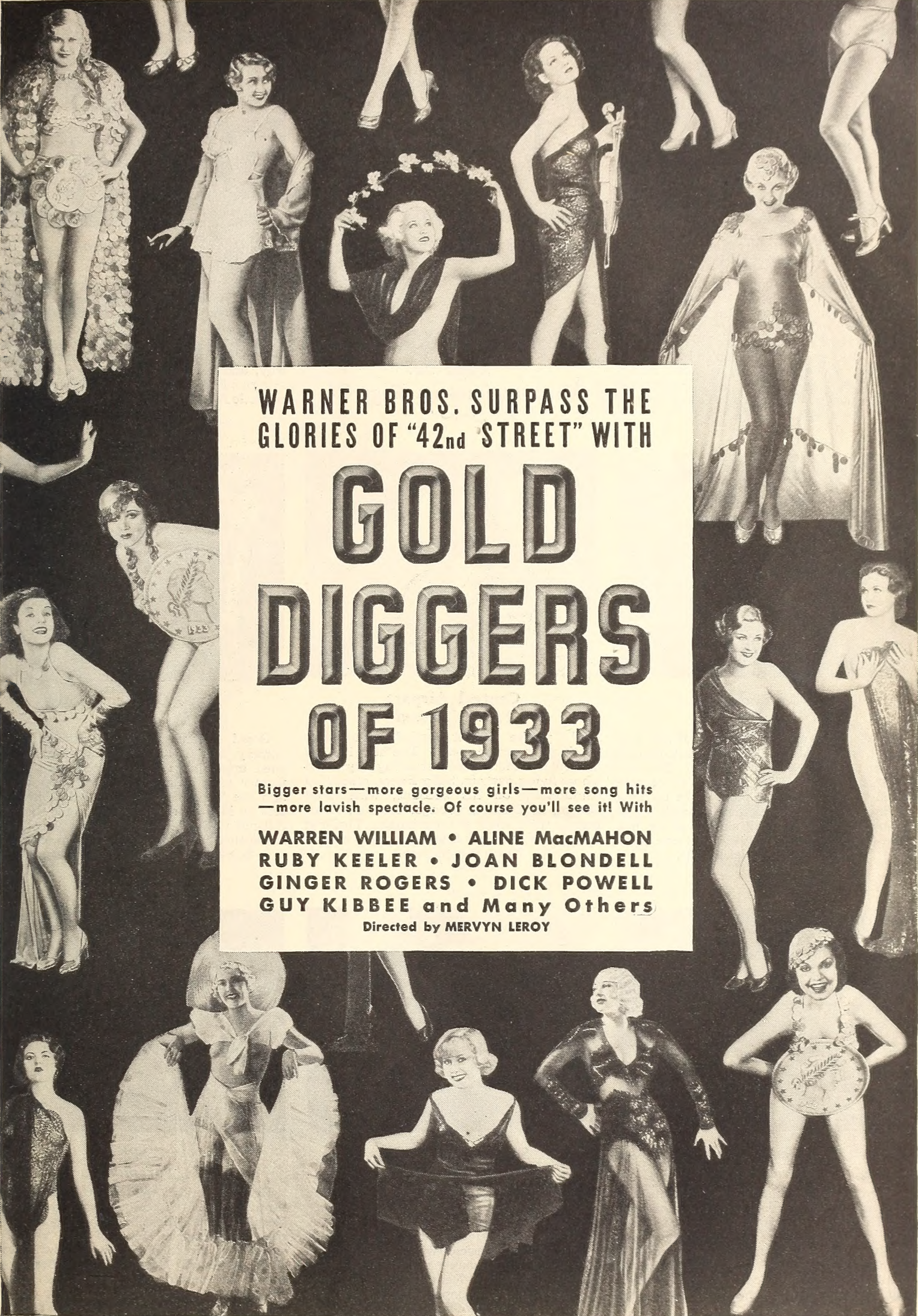
Miss Sybil P. Being intrigued by a screen personality is just one of our American customs. You are not alone in your admiration of Colin Clive. We have seen all too little of him in American releases. He was born Jan. 9, 1900 in St. Malo, France. He is 6 feet tall and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His wife is a well known European actress, Jean de Cassilis. Colin played the rôle of *Captain Stanhope* in the original stage production in London of "Journey's End." He had the same rôle in Tiffany's screen version and gave an unforgettable performance. His last release was "Christopher Strong," with Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and Ralph Forbes.

Fran. How did you get the idea that I'm *Col. Stoopnagle and Bud*? They're good too but there is only *one* of me! John Arledge was *Pidge* in "Huddle" with Ra-

The man in demand—Leslie Howard! Metro, United Artists, RKO, and Fox all have called upon him for his services. And he is Miss Vee Dee's most asked-about star. His next film is "Berkeley Square."

mon Navarro and Madge Evans; Frank Albertson was *Larry* and Kane Richmond was *Tom Stone*. Mary Boland, who made such a success of her Broadway comedy, "The Vinegar Tree," is the same actress you saw in "Night of June 13," with Clive Brook, Lila Lee, Gene Raymond, Charlie Ruggles and Frances Dee. Mary Boland was *Mazie Strawn*, the wife of Charlie Ruggles as *Philo Strawn*. Your male favorite, John Arledge was born March 12, 1907 in Crockett, Texas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 140 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and wavy blonde hair. John was a piano player with Paul Whiteman's orchestra before going into the movies.

Curious Ruth. I never let a few questions get me down—I manage to rise to the occasion if they do throw me a bit. In the talking version of "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck, young Dick Winslow played *Roelf Poole*, aged 14 and George Brent was *Roelf* grown-up. "Pier 13" was released as "Me and My Gal."



WARNER BROS. SURPASS THE
GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits
—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

**WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others**

Directed by MERVYN LEROY



The Barbarian
M-G-M

Here's Ramon Novarro as the son of the son of a Sheik—handsome 1933 version with dialogue by Anita Loos. You'll like Ramon, especially in his lighter moments. You'll enjoy Myrna Loy, never so lovely and alluring. But you'll think you're back in the dear old Valentino days, without Rudy. Even the grand acting and superlative settings can't make this old story new.

Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current
screenplays. Make this
your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 56.

More reviews on Page 88.



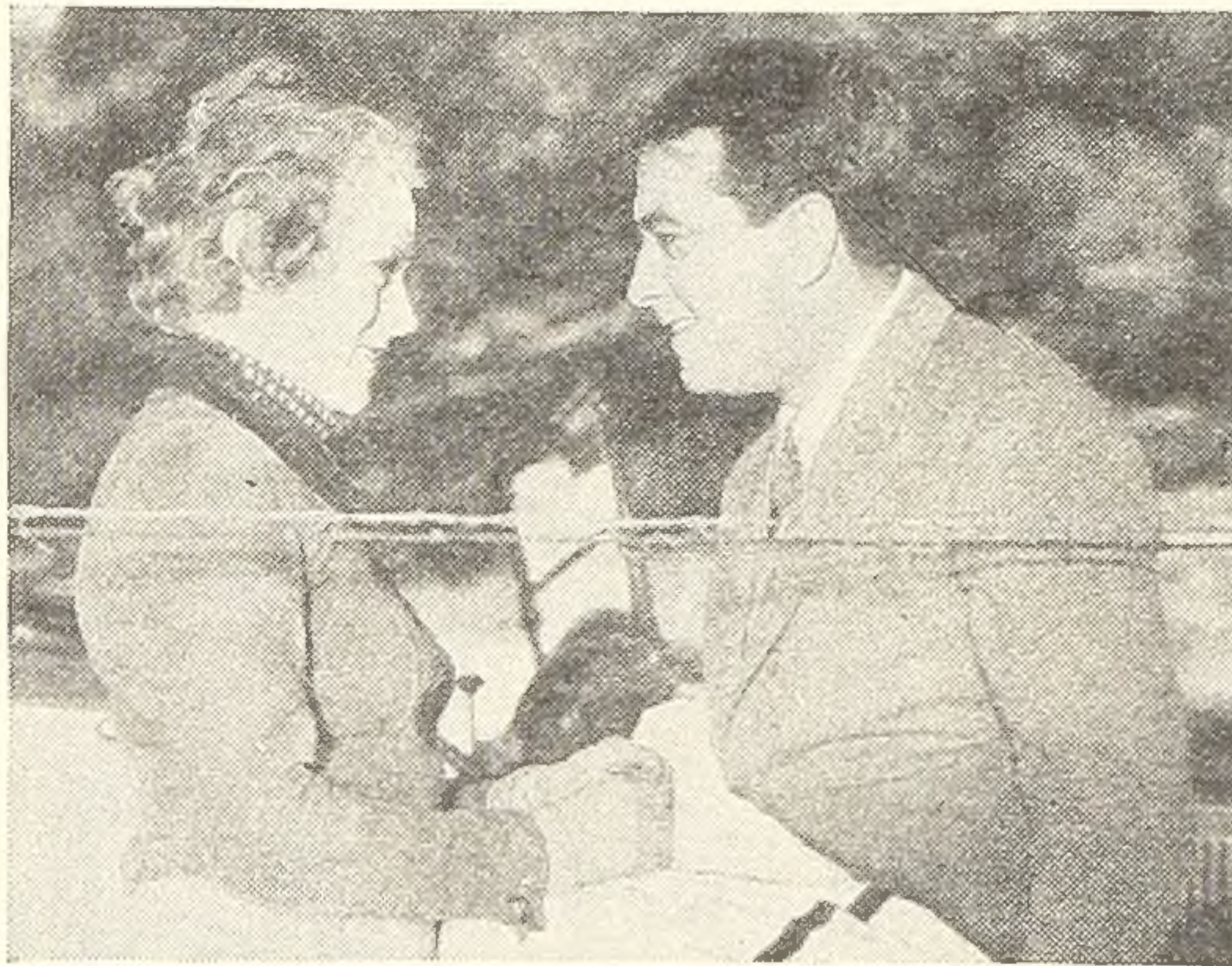
Oliver Twist
Monogram

You'll want to see this picturization of Dickens' classic story, with Dickie Moore as the little waif. It isn't the best film that might have been made from the great novel, but it's worth seeing nevertheless. Young Dickie "asks for more" in his most appealing way, and Irving Pichel is more than menacing as Fagin. Doris Lloyd makes a sympathetic Nancy Sikes. The kids will love it.



Zoo in Budapest
Fox

Vas Zoo in Budapest, Sharlie? If not, you missed one of the best of the monk-hausen pictures. (All right, we promise!) The settings of this animal story are full of rare visual beauty, and the plot works up to a ripping, tearing climax with a battle royal among the beasts. A bit slow in spots, but what of it? Loretta Young and Gene Raymond are the chief bipeds.



Central Airport
First National

If you're air-or-Barthelme-minded, here's your movie meat! The star has his best rôle in months as a stunting sky devil whose flying partner, Sally Eilers, cracks up emotionally on his account, with Tom Brown, as Dickie's younger brother, forming the third angle of the triangle. Thrilling stunt stuff, human drama, intense acting. *Not a war picture.*



Made On Broadway
M-G-M

Oops! Excuse it, please! Robert Montgomery and Sally Eilers play two of the least appealing rôles of the month. The former as a smart-alec super-press agent, and the latter as the mean lady whom he sets up in the siren business, make this film difficult to like. No matter how you slice it, it's authentic ham. Madge Evans, cool and beautiful, is a redeeming feature.



Supernatural
Paramount

So you thought the "horror" theme had been exhausted? Wrong! This one, however, won't chill you or thrill you despite the fact that several murders occur. The story revolves around a fiendish spiritualistic fakir. Good troupers, including Carole Lombard, Randolph Scott, Allan Dinehart, and Vivienne Osborne, help this depressing film considerably.



So This Is Africa
Columbia

Warning: this is rough stuff! It's the naughtiest, rowdiest comedy Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey ever appeared in. A burlesque on the jungle films with a lot of absurd and nonsensical twists. You'll laugh even though you may not approve of this variety of humor. Raquel Torres plays a female Tarzan who captures Bert. Are you laughing, W-and-W fans?



"M"
Foremco

Here's a foreign talkie of the career and capture of a notorious child-murderer. Despite much critical ballyhoo it is no towering masterpiece—few of its vaunted marvels of direction are either new or expertly achieved. Nevertheless, it presents a sincere and moving story, if you can stand the gruesomeness of its theme. The cast is excellent; Peter Lorre as the killer is superb.



Make Unsightly Hair Invisible with Marchand's

Smart women know the way the wind is blowing. Today—more than ever—the Social and Business Worlds are demanding simple, personal daintiness. *Dark fuzzy hair on arms and legs plainly is unattractive, unfeminine—and it hurts chances for popularity and success.* Play safe! Don't allow the faintest trace of dark hair to show on your arms and legs. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Read label—just dab on—works within 20 minutes. Safe—Inexpensive.

Also Brings Golden Beauty to Hair!

Marchand's is known to thousands of attractive blonde women. It restores youthful color to faded hair—or makes drab hair lustrous and fashionable. Use it at home, safely and successfully. Be sure you get the genuine!

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

To get Marchand's by mail, fill in coupon at right, mail with \$.45 (stamps accepted) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

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CITY _____

STATE _____

SCREENLAND'S

Attention! Here's a Great New Personality, Franchot Tone. He's a combination of Gable and Cagney with a dash of John Barrymore and bit-
ters. If this be a rave, make the most of it!

Franchot Tone is the last actor in the world we would have cast to play a heroine's brother. Her lover, her husband, her abductor, her dream-prince, yes—but never her brother! Mr. Tone, however, acquits himself creditably in his difficult assignment with Miss Crawford in "Today We Live."



Honor Page

HOLLYWOOD was founded on Personality, built on Personality, exists on Personality. The movies live from one Personality-discovery to the next. And we have been feeling for some months that it was high time we had a new, fresh, exciting actor or actress to make us sit up and feel like Columbus again. With the release of "Today We Live" we've found what we have been looking for! Franchot Tone brings to Joan Crawford's new picture the thrill of the unusual and the unexpected. He is like no other actor—and we said that same thing about Gable, about Gagney, about Garbo, about Bette Davis, about Joan herself, once—remember? Franchot—pronounced Fran-show—Tone is an accomplished actor from the Broadway stage. He has technique. Notice how he roughly wipes away a tear in his scene with the "blind" Robert Young. He is romantic, yet matter-of-fact; tender—and casual; he has an undated face and modern manners—and he can play any kind of a rôle, from a medieval monk to a current gangster. And there he has the edge on Gable and Cagney—on everybody, in fact, except the great Jawn Barrymore. Mr. Tone is one of these dangerous, ageless young men, and if M-G-M does right by him and casts him as an aristocratic brute with a sense of humor some time soon, M-G-M is going to have in its experienced paws a box-office sensation second to none. Congratulations on signing him, Leo Old Lion!

Watch for this new and vital young actor in "Strangers Return" with Miriam Hopkins, and in "Dinner at Eight" as a member of a distinguished all-star cast. And please, M-G-M, won't you cast him opposite Crawford again? What a team—WHAT a team!



The scenes below are from "Today We Live," in which the star, Joan Crawford, shares some of her "footage" with Franchot Tone.



How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New

**"LIKE MOST EVERYONE
IN HOLLYWOOD"** she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."



Hollywood says—don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-box look—always use Lux!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Connie Bennett

DEAR LA BENNETT:

Be nice!

Frankly, I wouldn't care whether you were or not if I didn't happen to know just how nice you *can* be when you want to. I remember the first time I ever met you—you weren't a great star then, or a Marquise, but a dazzling blonde with a blue-eyed twinkle—you weren't taking anything so very seriously, Connie, least of all yourself. And now?

Well, I hope it isn't true. I hope you didn't say what you have been quoted as saying. That you "bounced out of an office on the lot shouting, 'I'll get some organization in this studio even if I have to fire everybody.'" I hope you didn't say it because I think it sounds pretty silly. It is entirely lacking in common sense and in good taste—and if there are two particular qualities I have always admired you for, they are common sense and good taste.

If you're talking about organization—tell me, is a star "organized" when she goes haywire? If you're talking about "firing everybody," how about good taste? Suppose some little stenographer in the fan mail department had been passing by when you made that alleged remark—which I sincerely hope you never made. How about morale, Miss Bennett? Don't you think everybody in this industry, from stars to script girls, should give a little thought to morale? Seems to

me right now that Hollywood morale is more important than Hollywood morals.

Of course, maybe you don't care. You're going to retire anyway, and live in France. Says you! Says Richard Bennett's daughter Constance! You, retire? You, with the blood of good troupers in your veins; with your own father still acting; with your sister Joan rising steadily in the screen skies; with sister Barbara planning, they say, a movie career? Constance Bennett, you can't retire, and you know it. So be nice. Be as good a sport as you are an actress. Don't check your sense of humor and your good manners and your altogether captivating little-girl smile when you come to work in Hollywood. Look at the pictures on this page. The largest one shows you a

movie star with sun in her eyes and a camera focussed on her—and you seem to be mad at the cameraman, mad at the sun, mad at everything. Then look at those other pictures, snapshots, taken on your recent vacation. (Yes, folks—it's the same girl; and how you'd love this one, wouldn't you, if she ever gave you a chance!) Confidentially, Connie—I think it would *pay* you to be nice!

Delight Evans



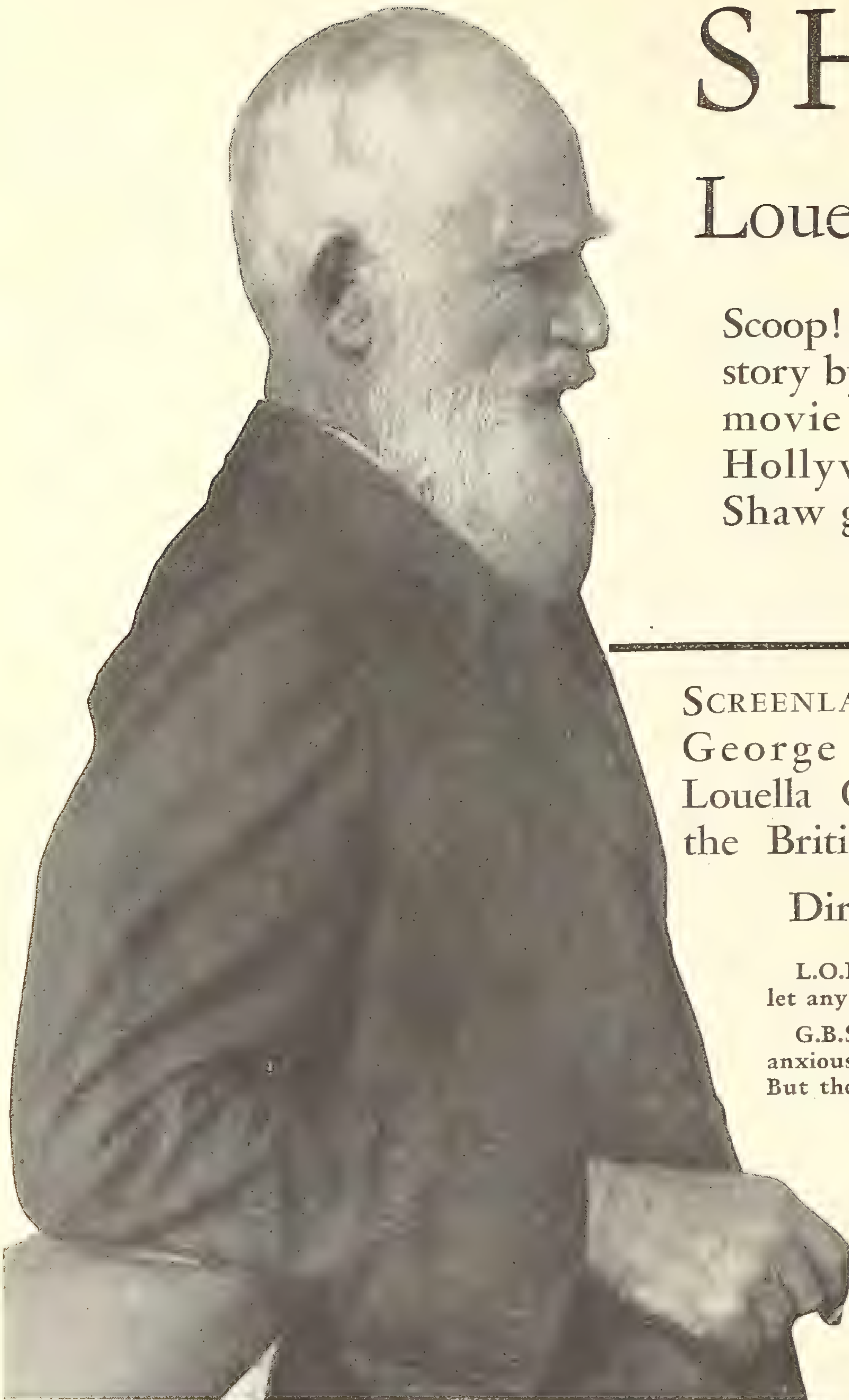
Acme



SHAW

Louella O. Parsons

Scoop! Don't miss this exclusive story by America's most famous movie columnist—the only Hollywood writer to whom Shaw granted an authorized interview



SCREENLAND is proud to present George Bernard Shaw and Louella O. Parsons in "Bearding the British Lion in Hollywood"

Directed by Marion Davies

L.O.P. "Is it true that you are unwilling to let any of your plays be filmed?"

G.B.S. "On the contrary, I am extremely anxious to have them all filmed before I die. But the studios are not yet doing the class of work my plays require. Most of them still think that a play is only a movie with spoken subtitles."

L.O.P. "I have heard that Garbo has expressed a desire to make your 'St. Joan'."

G.B.S. "Well, so has every other movie actress. There is nothing remarkable about that, is there?"

Said Marion Davies to Mr. Shaw: "We enjoyed your newsreel and thought you gave a splendid performance. Miss Parsons gave you a most laudatory review." Said Mr. Shaw to Marion Davies: "Why shouldn't she? It was a very good movietone!"

THE polite amenities, so important in social conversation, have been ignored by George Bernard Shaw, Irish playwright, for almost a century. He has bitterly assailed everything and everybody ever since his dramatic criticisms set a premium on devastating wit.

Hollywood could scarcely hope, then, to escape the critical attention of one who has so scathingly condemned movies in the past. The Shaw critics have laid such stress on the sting in the Shavian humor and the absence of all sentimentality in the great man's makeup, that those invited to meet him at *La Cuesta Encantada*,

William Randolph Hearst's country home, were prepared for the worst.

These critics, who have pictured Shaw as a white-bearded satyr with the sharp, cruel tongue of an adder, have lost sight of one thing. The most stabbing Shaw epigram is uttered with a twinkle in the clear blue eyes that completely disarms those who study him at close range.

I deny that George Bernard Shaw is without kindness. Marion Davies persuaded him to let me write an interview with him. At first he was a little disturbed at the idea because he had talked freely and eloquently, discussing subjects ranging from the Gold Standard to his sixty years' experience in the theatre. He had not spared personalities, telling amusing, intimate stories of his friendship with Eleanora Duse and Ellen Terry.

"You may scratch out any paragraph or phrase that

in Hollywood!

Interviews G. B. S.!

you do not wish published, Mr. Shaw," I said, after Marion had won his consent to an interview.

"And why should I?" he asked, looking at me with the bland, cherubic expression of a naughty child. "If I don't correct your article, then I can refute all your misstatements."

"But Mr. Shaw," I said, innocently walking into the trap he laid for me, "I wouldn't for the world print a word that might offend you."

"Oh, you wouldn't?" he said. "That's just what you would do and glory in it! I was a newspaper man myself."

G. B. S. escorted on a tour of the Metro studios by Miss Davies, left. Mrs. Shaw said: "I have never known him to look at so many motion pictures and enjoy them."



Hurrell

Louella O. Parsons, the most widely read of all Hollywood writers, breaks all precedent in writing this feature for SCREENLAND. We are happy to present this star of screen writers to you. She scooped the world when she induced Shaw to submit to an interview on motion pictures!

We finally compromised and he took a pencil and edited my copy. When I say that this hard-working man, who was on a holiday, gave up a drive through the beautiful, picturesque hills that surround the Hearst mountain home, to carefully edit my copy you will know he is not the hard-hearted intellectual snob he has been so frequently described.

In his own handwriting he corrected certain statements that he did not wish published, substituting his own expressions. I had written that along with his discussion of what is wrong with the movies, sex appeal, world disarmament and Ellen Terry, he had given a dissertation on the mating habits of camels.

"How dare you so misquote me," he snorted. "Mating habits of camels indeed! What do I know or care about camels? I never made such a fool comment."

"But Mr. Shaw," I pleaded, "I have written so many complimentary things about you, why can't you overlook that one little mistake?"

"Why shouldn't you say nice things



Shaw to Maureen O'Sullivan: "Why are you so commonplace as to ride a horse when you could ride a beautiful zebra?"



Mrs. Adolphe Menjou to Shaw: "Look at my complexion! Is there anything wrong with it?—and I eat meat three times a day!"

about me?" he demanded. "Young woman, so much slush and praise have been written about me by newspaper writers like yourself that Mrs. Shaw gets tired of reading them."

He read and re-read my interview, working over an hour. He left intact my personal opinions but he changed four or five quotations that he disliked. After he had finished he said: "That manuscript is valuable. Some day you can sell it and make a lot of money." A modest youth this British playwright!

I was told that Ann Harding burst into hysterical tears when Shaw told her that she had given a "piratical" performance of one of his plays. I find it difficult to believe that a woman of Miss Harding's intelligence could not see through Shaw's bluntness. He is a showman and his greatest talent, apart from his brilliant writings, is his piercing wit. To me there is nothing venomous in his stinging sarcasm and his merciless shafts of humor.

He can no more help being sarcastic than a baby can help creeping when it feels the urge to try to walk. He is a voluble talker and he will discuss any subject if given an opportunity. He held court daily at the Hearst ranch with the entire house party at his feet, drinking in every word he uttered. He was at his best when he had an admiring audience. And did he like these beautiful movie queens looking up into his face!

Outdoor sports at the Hearst ranch are an accepted thing. Horseback riding, tennis playing, swimming and hiking form the daily recreation. Five o'clock, the hour Shaw takes his tea, saw every film celebrity before the fireplace, awaiting his appearance.

Grouped around him, sitting literally at his feet every afternoon were Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill, Maureen O'Sullivan,

Constance Talmadge, Mrs. John Hearst, Mary Brian, Mrs. John Considine, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Frances Marion and others.

He discussed art with Marion Davies and Ireland with Maureen O'Sullivan. He expressed disgust when Maureen said that she was going horseback riding.

"Why are you so commonplace as to ride a horse when you could ride one of the beautiful zebras roaming about this estate?" he asked.

Meat and intoxicating liquors are his two pet aversions. Even the unsatisfactory way in which America has reacted to prohibition does not change his ironclad opinions on the fallacy of dulling the mind with stimulants.

He is equally strong in his belief that meat is not only bad for the soul but makes the body sluggish and inactive. He pointed with pride to his complexion which has the pink and white texture and firmness of a baby's skin. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, sitting at his left, came back with the retort: "Well, look at my complexion! Is there anything wrong with it?—and I eat meat three times a day!"

As I said above, George Bernard Shaw's ideas are never negative. Any subject worth discussing is vehemently, emphatically and energetically attacked by the seventy-seven-year-old philosopher. Movies, so often the target for his shafts of wit, came in for their share of dissection.

"Is it true, Mr. Shaw," I questioned, "that you are unwilling to let any of your plays be filmed?"

"On the contrary," he said, "I am extremely anxious to have them all filmed before I die. But the studios are not yet doing the class of work my plays require. Most of them still think that a play is only a movie with spoken subtitles."

"Antony and Cleo-



It was Marion Davies who persuaded Mr. Shaw to grant Louella O. Parsons an interview. And it was Marion who presented some of Hollywood's popular stars to the visiting celebrity.



Shaw read Louella O. Parsons' interview with him, made corrections in his own handwriting, and then said: "That manuscript is valuable. Some day you can sell it and make a lot of money!"



Did Shaw make Ann Harding cry? Louella O. Parsons finds it difficult to believe, and tells you why in the accompanying story.

G. B. S. surveys Hollywood! The celebrated Irishman met Marion Davies, Louella O. Parsons, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Brian, Frances Marion, and other members of the Hollywood aristocracy.



patra' would make a splendid picture," I said. With supreme disgust he turned and looked at me.

"You mean 'Caesar and Cleopatra.' Don't confuse me with William Shakespeare. I'll leave the Antonys to him."

"I have heard," I said, "that Greta Garbo has expressed a desire to make your 'St. Joan.'"

"Well, so has every other movie actress," said Mr. Shaw, "there is nothing remarkable about that, is there?"

"Why don't you show these producers how to make a successful movie?" I asked him.

"I did make a short reel in Russia for the Soviet Government but something went wrong and I am told it was never released."

"Sorry that we didn't see you in the Russian short, Mr. Shaw," Marion Davies said. "We enjoyed your appearance in the newsreel and we thought you gave a splendid performance. Miss Parsons here gave you a most laudatory review."

"Well," was his unexpected reply, "why shouldn't she? It was a very good movietone!"

I heard him tell a group of his listeners later that newsreel scenes show lack of proper direction. He said the cameramen permit Mussolini and other famous men to say their little piece without any prelude. With a true, dramatic sense of values Mr. Shaw refused to let the newsreel men, who photographed him when the George Hearst plane arrived in (Continued on page 85)



An informal glimpse of the bearded sage watching a movie scene being made. Yes—the grin at the right belongs to your friend Lee Tracy. Is the irrepressible Lee laughing at a Shavian wise-crack?

Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom!

By
*James M.
Fidler*



Janet is free again—free to seek romance and laughter!

THE sparkle has returned to the eyes of Janet Gaynor; the lilt is in her voice again. The quick eagerness that was so much a part of her a few years ago is once more apparent in her every move. The transition is like the coming of lovely color into the skin of a ripening peach.

Janet—the *new* Janet, I may dare say, for she has changed amazingly since her divorce—has re-captured the exuberant spirit that once endeared her to the hearts of all who knew her.

For several months before her separation from her former husband I often perceived an expression of despondency in her eyes—the same hopeless stare of a lamb in a barren field as it gazes at thick, sweet clover-patches beyond the



The lucky man in the Gaynor embrace above is Henry Garat, the French "great lover" imported by Fox to play opposite Janet in "Adorable."

fence. I believe I know what that expression signified: Janet was subdued and crushed by a marriage that was far from successful. She surrendered her fight to make her marriage endure; she had ceased all attempts at sham and had dropped the mask of happiness. But she realized that time would soon bring an end to her marriage, and it was the far-away expression of an unhappy woman who wonders if she will ever find felicity again that I often saw in Janet's eyes.

That futile stare is no longer apparent; within a few weeks after her divorce it has disappeared. The hopelessness has been replaced with an ebullient gladness. Almost as though she had written the words with pen and ink, I can read in her face: "I'm free again;

Has divorce disillusioned La Gaynor? Will she marry again? What are her plans for the future? She talks to her friend Jimmy Fidler frankly and fearlessly, as she has talked to no other writer. Don't miss this



The sparkle has returned to the eyes of Janet Gaynor. The lilt is in her voice again. She's a gay girl, a happy girl—and if you are wondering what she means to do with her new-found happiness, you'll find the answer in Fidler's story.

free to seek romance and laughter once more!"

What does Janet intend to do with this newly-found freedom? Will she marry again? Or is she disillusioned because of her one bitter taste of matrimony? What are her plans?

I presumed on an old friendship—I have known Janet since she was a child-extra, ten years ago—and sought answers to these and other questions. Because practically the entire world (judged by box office returns); is equally interested in Miss Gaynor's future, I shall relate the facts garnered from my most recent chat with the whimsical little star of "Seventh Heaven" and "Adorable" and a dozen equally fine pictures between this first and this latest of her triumphs.

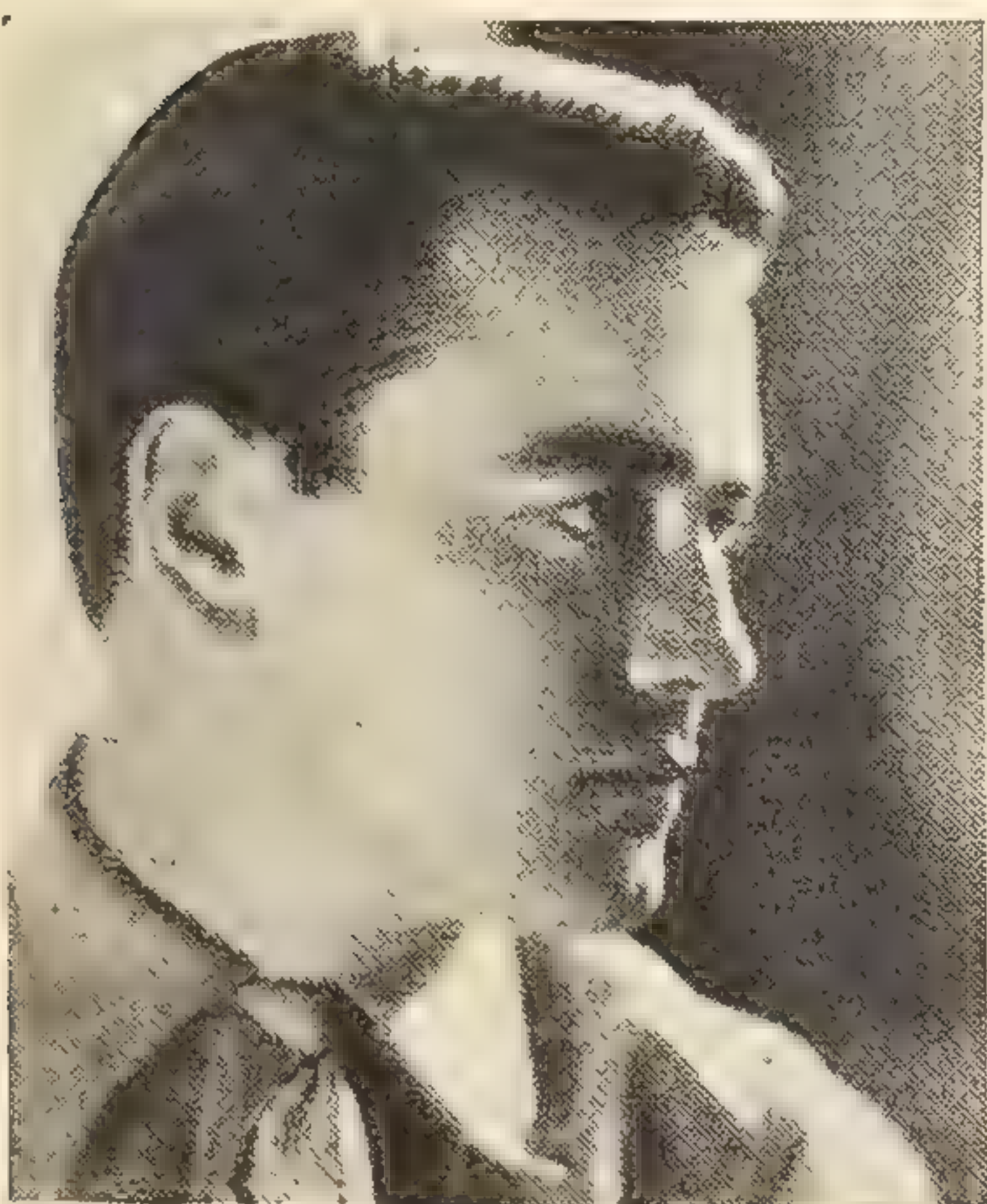
Janet is *not* disillusioned with marriage. She realizes that she made a mistake, but she does not regret the error. (And to set right an absurd rumor that has been heard, *she has no idea of reconciliation with her ex-husband*).

"Life, you know, is balanced by sadness and gladness," Janet said to me. "One without the other would be in-

sufficient; we must have the sorrow to make us appreciate the happiness.

"I fully intend to marry again, sometime. Not soon. For the next few years mother and I will live together. We have just rented a new house, and for at least several months I will be kept busy by my studio work and the house."

Although she has lived in (Continued on page 74)



Lew Ayres and James Dunn are being seen about Hollywood these days proudly escorting little Janet places. She likes both boys. But is she serious about either of them?



A charming scene from the new Janet Gaynor film, "Adorable," in which Garat, the European rave, makes his debut to American screen audiences. Garat was overjoyed when signed to act with Janet.

Your Faults May Be Your Fortune!



If your brows, like Garbo's, tend to turn up at the outer corners, you will share her leaning toward the exotic and mysterious. And even if one of your features seems over-obvious, consider how Jimmy Durante "followed his nose" to fame!

People who have had features unusual in any way, says Benton, have always been outstanding in history's pages. Gloria Swanson's tip-tilted nose is an index to an ambitious, upward-reaching character. And Gloria arrived!

HISTORY, both sacred and profane, as well as the works of the world's best writers, is filled with references to the outstanding physical and mental characteristics of most unusual personalities. Cleopatra and Julius Caesar both had auburn hair; Cleo and Julius also had prominent noses. It is true that both had fiery tempers and driving urges to great leadership. They both paid with their lives for being over-ambitious. Shakespeare is as apt in his description of the physical as he is of the mental characteristics of his characters, real or imaginary. He quotes Caesar's summing up of Cassius's cadaverous appearance and probable scheming rebellious nature: "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." "I like about me sleek fat men who sleep o' nights."

Without an exception, every great or unusual character has features as uneven, unbalanced, and striking as their nature and consequent place in history. So be of good cheer if you, too, have some outstanding physical characteristics, for by that token you may know that they are unerring indexes of mental and spiritual variations from the average or normal. Busts of Washington and Lincoln are most revealing of just the characters history has proved them to be, but both were large, rugged men with prominent features as easy to caricature as to glorify: Washington's aristocratic nose and Lincoln's deep, sympathetic, and somewhat tragic eyes.

Every one of our outstanding modern motion picture stars is easily caricatured by using just one or two well-

known features. For example, Greta Garbo's exotic tip-tilted brows and long eye-lashes—the universal index of disdain for the commonplace and corresponding love for the exclusive and hard to attain.

If your brows, like Greta Garbo's, are high above the eyes and tend to turn up at the outer corners, you will share her flair for the mysterious and exotic. It is the subconscious knowledge of this index that causes too many to try for this effect in their appearance by plucking and make-up. There is an elfin or fairy-like appearance in these brows that suggests wings poised for airy flights.

If you have these brows and have a humdrum routine job, your lot seems harder than it really is. Use your imagination and refuse your job with all the charm and color you can, even if you have to bring flowers to brighten up the office for yourself and your fellow-workers. Remember, the great Garbo was once just a little department store model in Sweden.

Joe E. Brown's mouth is suggestive of a mammoth cave. Imagine some comic artist drawing an airy outline of his head and clearly depicting Joe's mouth, but not even hinting the name, just this caption, "What a wonderful place to throw old razor blades." However,

Do you share the features of the famous? William E. Benton says unusual facial characteristics mean unusual characters—witness the Hollywood great

By
William E. Benton

Have you a wide, firm back-jaw? If so, there's small reason to be self-conscious about it. People with jaws of this type are usually strong and determined—subject to cajolery, but never to coercion. Take Connie Bennett as a lovely example.

Joe would not need to care, for while it is his lunch receiver, he wisely knows it is his meal ticket too.

Joe E. Brown's mouth indicates an inner nature as original and generous as his mouth's unique outline and proportions. If your mouth is large, angular and altogether out of the ordinary, you, too, will seldom repeat anything you hear *verbatim*, but, like him, give the telling of your impressions much of your own whimsical humor. If you share his long stiff upper lip as well as his type of mouth you, like him, will be alternately poker-faced, calm, and somewhat judicial in appearance and demeanor; then suddenly, like him, become irrepressibly enthusiastic and express yourself almost too frankly and freely. Such lips bespeak a flair for law, order, rules, and regulations; and if things don't go according to Hoyle, such natures express their opinions in no uncertain terms.

Millions of sensitive people with oversized features mourn about the very feature that is reaping a fortune for those who know enough to capitalize what they cannot hide. Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante has followed his nose to fame, and should he by some misfortune lose that great proboscis, a well-known insurance company would have to recompense him with a king's ransom for

its loss or diminution. The more nose the better!

"Schnozzle" Durante reminds one of Napoleon's remark that if he had enough generals with the right kind of noses he could conquer the world. Well, be that true or not, almost all of our great discoverers, whether we think of Marco Polo, Columbus, or Amundsen, had the noses to indicate their mental "nosiness" or urge to know.

When we want to compliment one very highly for their mental attainments, we say he or she "nose all" only we spell the nose with a "k."

A large well-formed nose has adorned the faces of all great leaders of men. Let all who worry over having a very obvious nose be consoled with the knowledge that chimpanzees, orangoutangs, and gorillas have noses as small as their minds!

Perhaps you have worried over red hair, freckles, a big nose, mouth, or what have you, but from this time on, why not find out its real meaning in character, develop the corresponding characteristic, and thus turn an imaginary liability into a real asset? Can you imagine the feelings of Maurice Chevalier when he was a clever young singer and hoofer in the music halls of Paris and the critics and cartoonists began to lampoon his somewhat sensuous and protruding Hapsburg lip? However, when people began to recognize this personal trade-mark and come to see the original, Maurice was clever enough to cash in on it. Now you never see him draw his mouth to the thin fine line he could, (Continued on page 78)



Joe E. Brown didn't waste any time mourning over the sensationally wide dental display that Nature gave him. He made it the means to movie eminence. And what if Chevalier has those curious, faun-like ears? They indicate his musical talent and his gay humor.



Edward G. Robinson today—kindly, cultivated gentleman; sensitive, imaginative artist. Whether you know him as “Little Caesar” or as any one of the other characters he has portrayed on the screen, you will be much interested in this revealing story of his personal life.

A SMALL boy stood at the rail of a large ship which was nearing America's shores. His heart was bursting with such excitement as he had never known, yet outwardly he was calm. A child of natural dignity and reserve, he knew no vent for the tumult of emotions surging within him. Soon—any minute now—America would heave into sight. America—where his father and his biggest brother were waiting for them—for his mother and himself and his other four brothers. America where people didn't glower at you because your race and religion happened to be different from theirs; where schools weren't closed to you as in the land of your birth; where, if you were good and studied hard, you could be anything in the world you wanted to be—so his father had written—a doctor, a teacher, an engineer, a lawyer—anything—! His breath caught in wonder, and some compelling need to find release from an ecstasy too sharp for his years sent his eyes wandering to meet the friendly gaze of a sailor at work on the deck. Slowly the grave, intelligent little face relaxed into a wide-mouthed, crinkly-eyed smile, shy and endearing.

A man sat in the living-room of a beautifully appointed suite on an upper floor of one of Manhattan's swanky skyscraper hotels. He was surrounded by every mark of

Beginning

For the first time the screen's most versatile actor tells his own story! You know him as “Little Caesar” or “Silver Dollar”—now meet the man

As told by

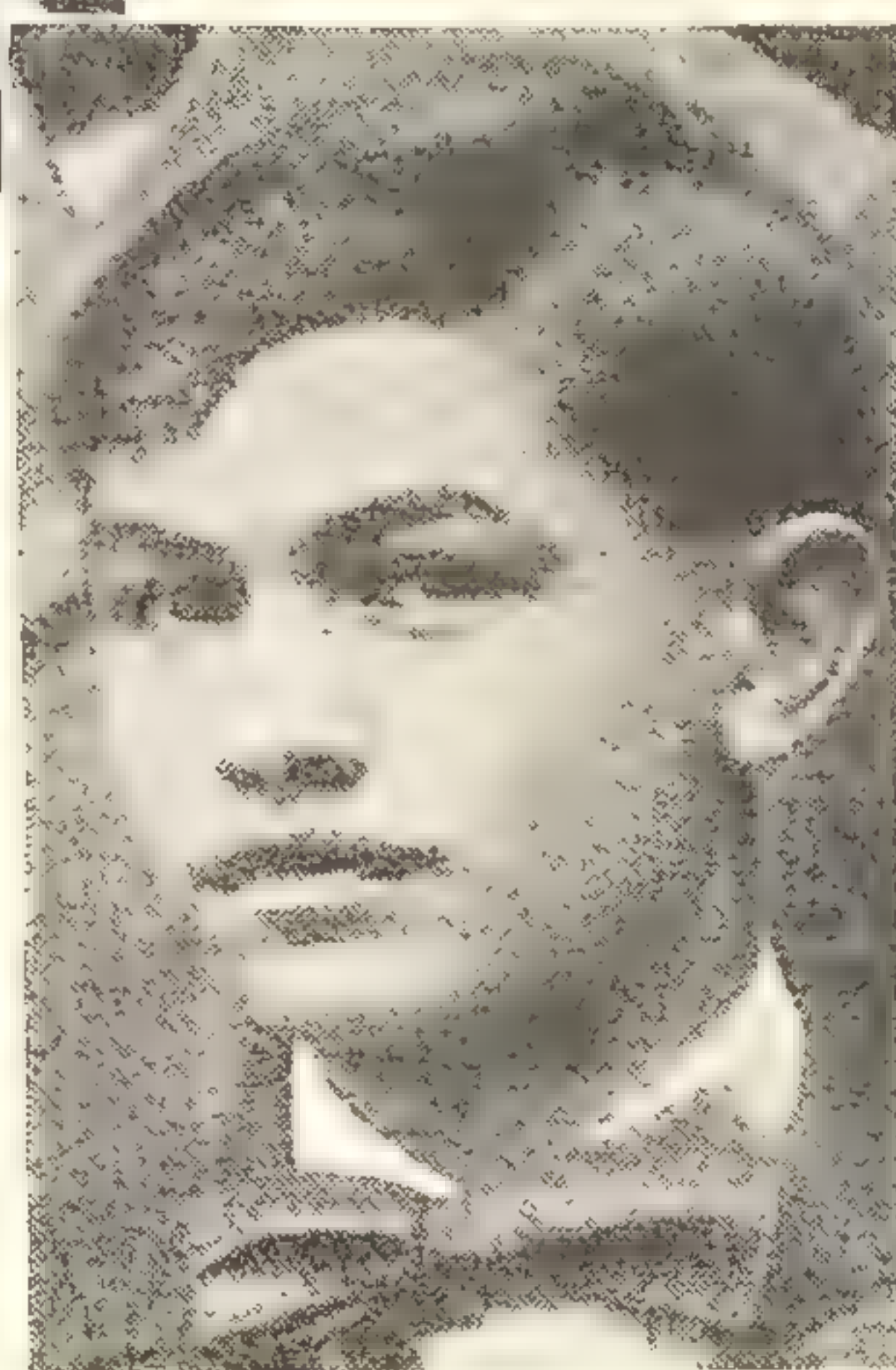
Edward G. Robinson
to Ida Zeitlin

comfort and taste. A soft-footed maid came and went. Flowers and photographs, a rack of burnished pipes, and books that showed signs of having been read, supplied the personal note. The man was gazing down at the photograph of an infant in his hand, and as he gazed, his grave, intelligent face relaxed into a wide-mouthed, crinkly-eyed smile, shy and endearing.

America had kept her promise to Eddie Robinson. She had given the little boy dreaming at the ship's rail all he had envisioned—the opportunity to win

success and honor and fulfillment in his chosen profession—a life of happy activity, crowned by a happy marriage and the birth of the robust, long-desired son who made his appearance on March 19th of this year.

“I always feel,” said Mr. Robinson, laying his baby's picture slowly back on the table, as if he were reluctant to let it



Left, “Eddie” when he was a pupil at Public School No. 20, New York City, and one of the six Robinson boys.



The Screen Family Robinson! Just as soon as little screen there was a demand for his first photograph—and proud parents. Well, little Eddie might just as well get

Robinson's Life Story

go, "—I always feel that I myself was born at the age of ten. I never consciously think of what came before—I never try to recall it. To all intents and purposes, my life began when I came to America." For a moment you listen, startled, to the pleasantly modulated tones, to the effortless flow of well-chosen speech—till with a jerk you return to reality and the fact that this is Edward G. Robinson sitting opposite you, highly civilized member of society, and *not*, you imbecile, *Little Caesar*! For never was there a wider gulf between creator and created than that which separates this kindly, cultivated gentleman from the swaggering, snarling bully in whose guise he made his first indelible impression on the movie world.

Though his first years in America were spent in New York's crowded Ghetto, where gangsters are said to thrive, it's doubtful whether Eddie would have recognized one, had he seen him. His interests lay elsewhere. He belonged to one of those sober, self-respecting Jewish families, to whom the pursuit of learning is a passion. Themselves deprived of the thing they thought best worth having, his parents abandoned a prosperous business, the habits and associations of a lifetime, to face certain hardship in an alien land—and counted it the wisest step they'd ever taken, because it ensured their six sons an education.

Eddie was the true son of his parents. He took to study with ease and enthusiasm. He went through no agonizing "greenhorn" period. He picked up English naturally, and was graduated from elementary school at thirteen, younger than some of his native-born classmates.

Before long he discovered that there was one school activity he

Right, young Robinson about the time that he was in constant demand for debates in high school. He captured one medal after another, and he has been adding to his collection ever since.



Edward G. Robinson, Jr., made his debut on the world's newspaper photographers trouped in on the baby and his used to the limelight—he will be in it from now on!



Mr. and Mrs. Robinson in their apartment on an upper floor of one of Manhattan's skyscraper hotels. Mrs. Robinson is the former Gladys Lloyd, well-known actress.



enjoyed beyond all others—he loved to recite. He loved to stand up in front of the class and spout—poetry, oratory, it didn't matter what. He would toil for hours over his compositions—not because he aspired to literary honors, but because the fellow who wrote the best composition was allowed to read it before the whole school at assembly.

It wasn't, he assured himself earnestly, having reached the age of self-analysis—it wasn't that he enjoyed showing off. No, it was something more important than that. Still a reserved and inarticulate boy, it was only when he was standing thus in front of an audience, the words ready to roll from his tongue, that he forgot to be shy—that he felt an unsuspected power welling within him, freeing him of the shackles of self-consciousness, filling him with a glorious sense of mastery, not only over himself but over those gaping rows of faces upturned to his.

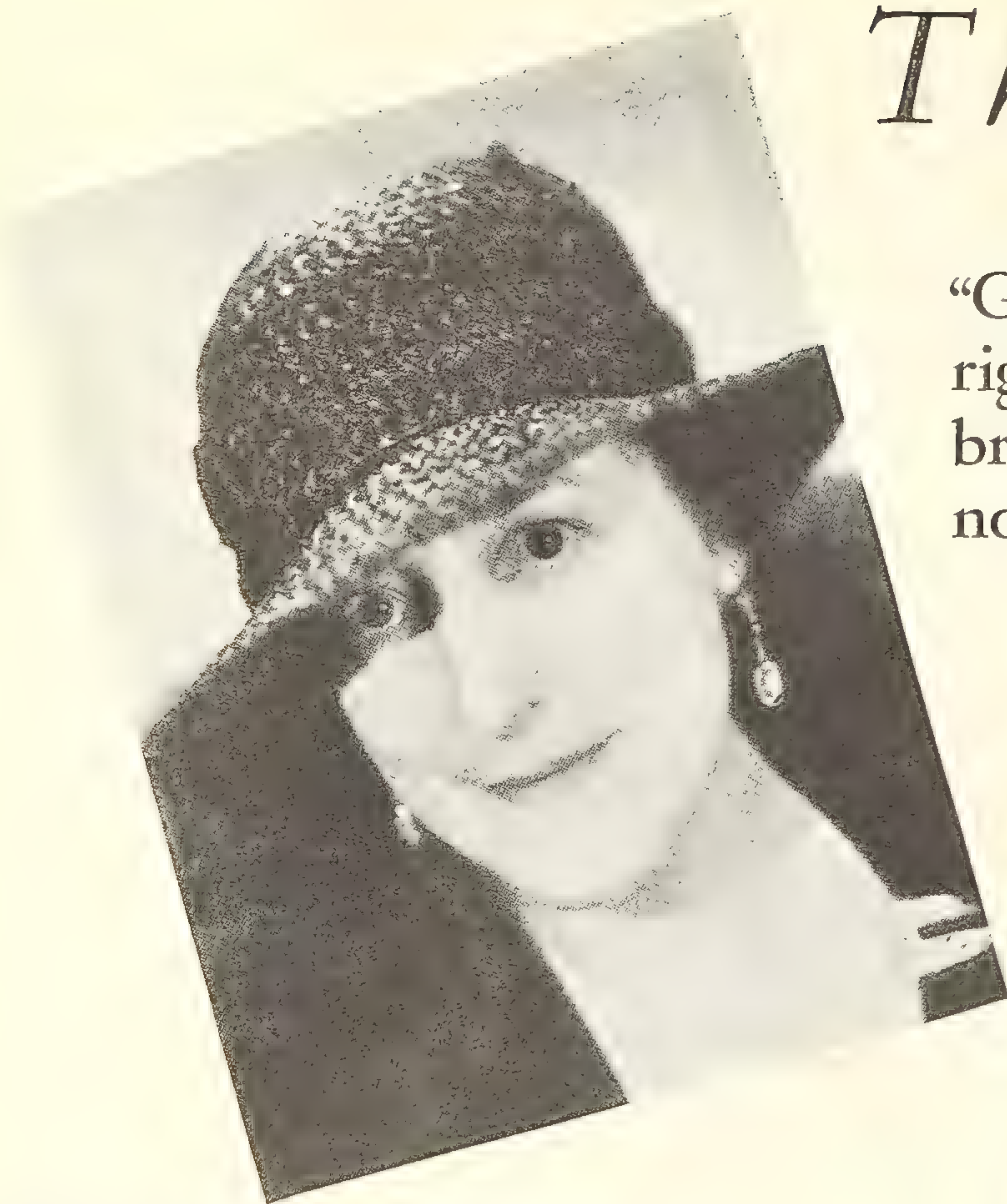
"Hey, Eddie!" they'd yell at him afterwards, half jeering, half flattering, "you're a reg'lar actor!" And Eddie would grin silently in response.

The school gave a play and Eddie, all excitement, was assigned the part of a gentleman of sixty. As the make-up man was graying his hair and pasting a set of handsome whiskers to his round face, Eddie caught sight of a pair of spectacles in his kit.

(Continued on page 70)

The Clamor

"Give us Glamor! More Glamor!" All right—here's a fresh slant from the celebrated playwright, Miss Clemence Dane, now in Hollywood writing for the screen



Clemence Dane, England's greatest woman playwright, author of "Bill of Divorcement," granted this exclusive interview on the favorite feminine subject of Glamor.

Glamor in Hollywood— Katharine Hepburn



Katharine Hepburn scored her first screen success as Sydney Fairfield in the film "Bill of Divorcement."

"PEOPLE have always wanted to be bewitched, and charmed, and be-glamored," says Miss Clemence Dane, author of the distinguished play, "A Bill of Divorcement," which catapulted stunning Katharine Hepburn into the swift limelight of screen fame.

"The belief in magic may be dead, but not the desire for it. And now the motion picture is the greatest form of enchantment in the world, because it is the cheapest and most available. Over every motion picture theatre door there might well be put a sign, *Charms and Magic Spells For Sale.*"

How does this statement, coming from England's greatest woman playwright who has recently become one of Hollywood's most interesting figures, affect the two dusky-eyed, slender-throated American young women who face each other across these pages?

Each of them has the same given name of Katharine—spelled in the same unusual way, beginning with a "K" instead of a "C," and with an "a" instead of an "e."

One of them, let us call "Katharine the Great." She is Miss Katharine Cornell, who in the few, brilliant years since the photograph was taken has swept into the place of the greatest Broadway star, the first lady of the American stage, lovely, fascinating!

She is famous among motion picture fans not because

they *have* seen her, but because they have *not* seen her on the screen. They know too well, and they are sorry, that she refuses to leave the theatre she loves so dearly and understands, for a new medium she does not know about. Though they offer her millions she turns a deaf ear to the urgings of the many picture producers who wish to capture her unique charm and her fame for their audiences. Was she not the ravishing "dark lady of the Sonnets" of "Will Shakespeare," the great "Candida," the *Iris Fenwick* of "The Green Hat," the *Ellen Olenska* of "The Age of Innocence," the *Elizabeth Barrett* of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street?"

The second dark-eyed girl—shall we call her "Katharine Nobody-Yet-Knows-How-Great?" She is Katharine Hepburn, Hollywood's newest outstanding actress, who, after one picture and one only, recently flared into stardom, and was offered a contract that some less favored girl might devote a lifetime striving for in vain.

She is a girl for whom the traffic signal has been turned to "Go," as some one has said, and "the lights

for GLAMOR!

By
Betty Shannon

Glamor on Broadway —
Katharine Cornell



Dr. Arnold Genthe

Katharine Cornell first won fame on the Broadway stage when she created the part of Sydney in the play.

are all green." She was an over-night sensation. She is scheduled for big rôles, including that of Jo in the approaching "Little Women," the same character, oddly enough, in which the other Katharine, Miss Cornell, played in her London stage debut.

There are other marked similarities between these young actresses besides that of their names and their sharing of Jo. They both represent the new type of intelligent, well-bred girl who is going on the stage and screen today. They were brought up in the same sort of healthy, normal American living. They are the product of good boarding-schools, Miss Hepburn of Bryn Mawr College in addition. Both became enamoured of acting and the theatre when they were in school, and started their earliest theatrical experience in small parts in good companies.

They both have somewhat the same sort of features, with broad, high cheek-bones, firm jaw, wide-apart dark eyes, rather blunt nose, large mouth.

But perhaps the most interesting likeness between them

is that their first outstanding successes, Miss Cornell's on the stage and Miss Hepburn's in pictures, were made in the same rôle in the same play!

This was the rôle of Sydney Fairfield in "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane. This picture rocketed Katharine Hepburn into the limelight. Miss Cornell appeared in the New York stage version at the George M. Cohan Theatre in October, 1921, while Miss Hepburn's performance appeared on the screen eleven years later, in 1932.

Have these two actresses "glamor"?

People everywhere say they have. It would be considered a sacrilege, I suppose, even to formulate this question concerning Katharine Cornell. Every one is not so sure, yet, of Hepburn.

What is "glamor," anyway? Is it the way a girl looks at you? Is it the way she wears her clothes? The clothes she has to wear? Is it something exquisite and alluring about her body? Something charming but wicked about her mind? Is it the suspected dangers that seem to beckon in another's (Continued on page 76)



Miss Dane hopes that Irene Dunne will play in her first motion picture "original," "The Troubadour," which will star Francis Lederer, the stage actor.



Ramon Novarro plays a sheik—and such a sheik!—in “The Barbarian.” Now, now—no cracks about a “wolf in sheik’s clothing.” Ramon’s costume is correct down to the last detail. And isn’t it picturesque?

Telling some studio secrets! In this fascinating feature you’ll find the answer to “How do the movies do it?”

By
Ruth Tildesley

ON WHICH arm does a bride come down the aisle after the wedding?

What do they eat for breakfast in Holland?

How do you make an owl hoot?

What did a pony express rider play on his horn?

Do they have single compartments in sleeping cars in China?

No, this is not an I. Q. test! It’s a sample of the queries that come into the research department of a motion picture studio.

And it’s important that the department finds the right answer, for you may be sure that *some one* who sees the picture will spot what’s wrong and take his pen in hand!

“If there’s a plumber in the scene, someone will write in that he should have had a helper, if he belonged to the union,” sighs Elizabeth McGaffey, head of Radio Pictures’ research department.

Miss McGaffey organized the first research department in the industry a little more than eighteen years ago. It occurred to her that it would be better, as well as cheaper, if someone found out what styles were being worn, what architecture was in vogue, and what were the manners and customs of Spain at the time of *Carmen*, before Geraldine Farrar made the picture, instead of after the shooting started.

Jesse Lasky agreed with her and that’s how the question-and-answer departments began.

“The burning point today is to educate executives in the importance of research,” observed Miss McGaffey. “We should have the script as soon as it’s written so that we may be prepared for whatever may be asked of us.”

“Sometimes I can give the answer at once, from memory, or from some source at hand. The Episcopal prayer book, for example, is the book most in demand in this

library, because of the wedding and funeral services. Early in my career, I discovered a three-volume set called 'Wonderful London' which cost \$10. This has paid for itself over and over, as it tells almost everything a technical director could tell us about London.

"But sometimes the answer takes time. Clemence Dane is writing a story for Francis Lederer, part of which is laid in an old castle on the Danube. That castle is now in ruins and it's my next job to find a picture of it before it *was* ruined.

"I never trust my memory about things I discovered while I was traveling, for it is so easy to forget whether it was in China or Japan that certain things were so. I was six months wandering about the Orient with a notebook and a camera, but I always check up to see if my memory is correct.

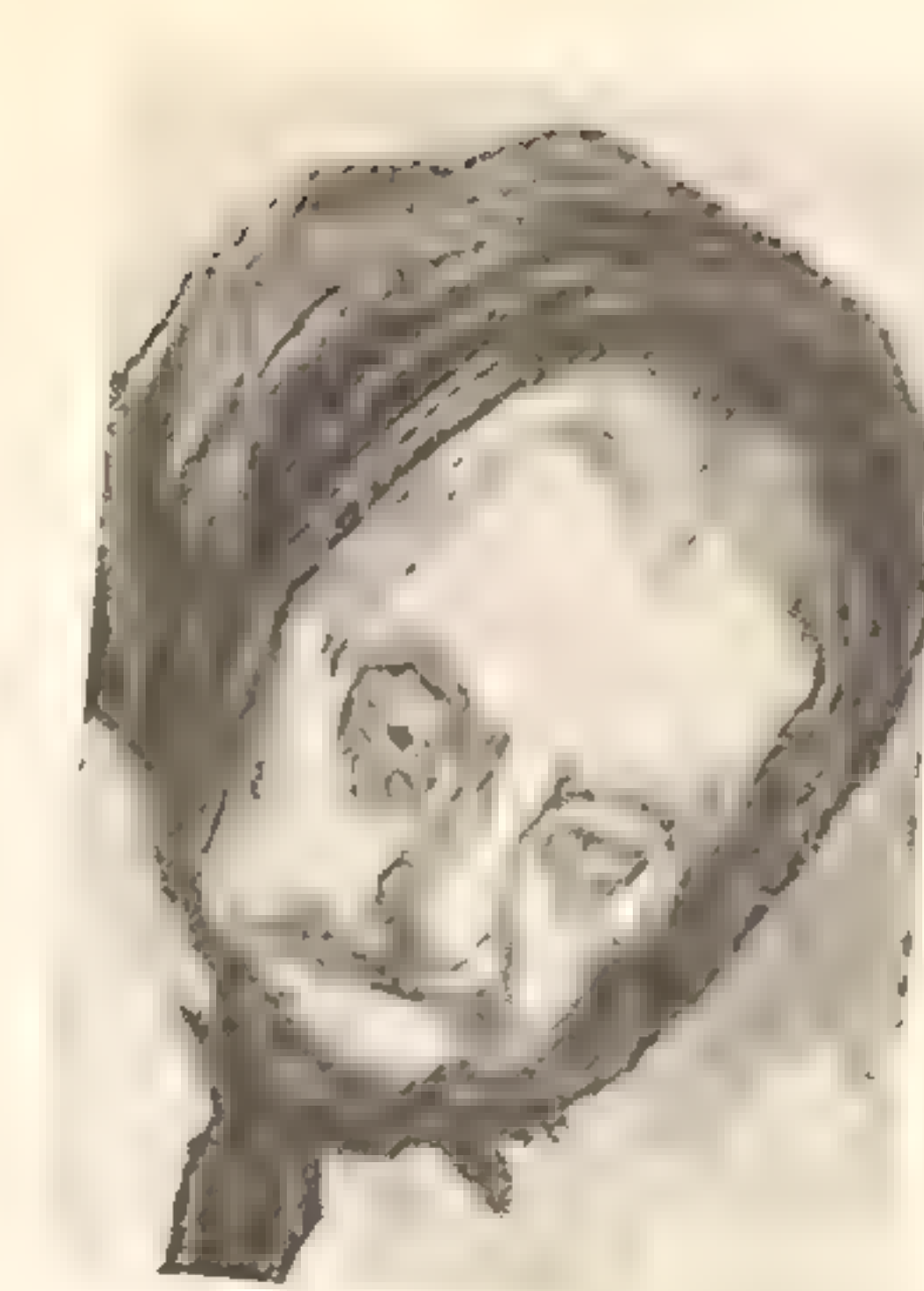
"Sleeping cars in Japan have double bunks—sometimes four bunks in one compartment. I remember that they have single compartments in China because I was locked in one of them while going through bandit country.

"For 'King Kong,' we had to see that the vegetation of the tropics was correct, and that all the huge prehistoric monsters were technically right. The 'monster' data came from museums.

"'Sweepings' is the story of the growth of Chicago. Luck gave me a little book called 'Chicago As It Is and As It Was,' published in 1872, which tells about the



When Helen Hayes was cast in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," she turned to art for make-up ideas. Here are grouped three drawings which aided Helen.



Above, a wood engraving of a grandmother by Edward Ertz. Left, "A Study of Madness," by G. Dupuis. Miss Hayes consulted these drawings in her research.

court retire after making bows before the King and Queen.

Photographs of Buckingham Palace failed to label the room in question. The wife of a Brazilian Ambassador, (discovered by Miss McGaffey), who had provided the research department with cards summoning those to be presented to court, rules of etiquette surrounding the ceremony, what to wear and other details, could not remember where she went after she was presented.

Finally Madame Hilda Grenier, technical director, who served for years as Queen Mary's dresser, remembered a *bas relief* over a door in one photograph and selected the "West Gallery" as the ante-room needed.

Nathalie Bucknall, head of M-G-M's research department, came to Hollywood with no idea of what work she could do. It was her knowledge of many languages and her familiarity with foreign countries (Continued on page 72)



The artist's studio in "The Song of Songs" is authentic enough to satisfy artists themselves! Brian Aherne and Marlene Dietrich are seen with the statue for which the heroine poses in the picture.

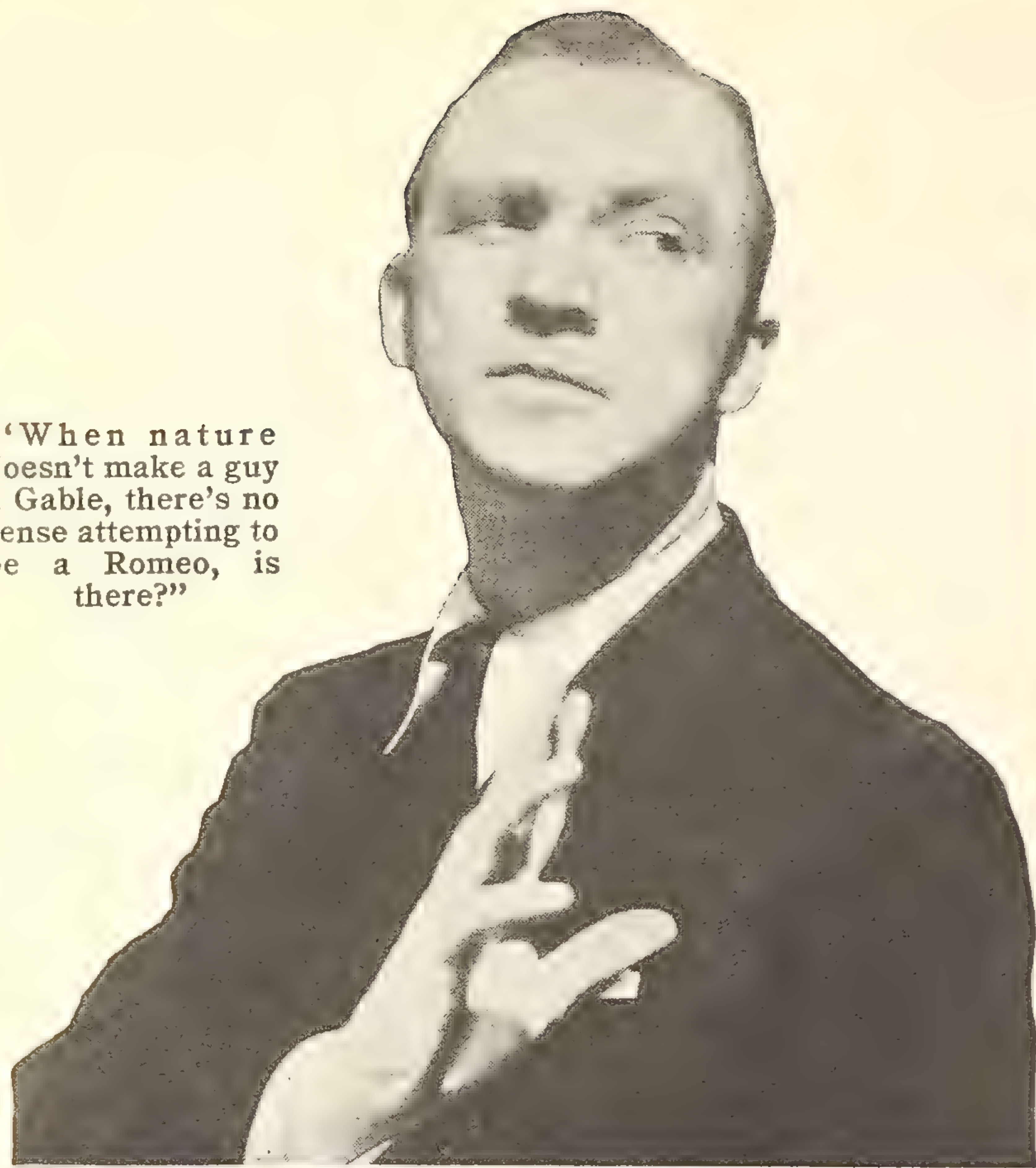


A lovely English Georgian interior? Yes! And also a "set" for "Looking Forward" at the Metro studio. Correct in every detail! That's Lewis Stone you see through the doorway.



The café kitchen scene from "Reunion in Vienna" is so convincing in atmosphere and detail that it will make you hungry—and maybe a little thirsty, too! John Barrymore is dominant as usual.

"When nature doesn't make a guy a Gable, there's no sense attempting to be a Romeo, is there?"



Why Tracy is Different!

Ⓒ He can't be scared into living up to an "illusion."

Ⓒ He won't spend his huge salary lavishly.

Ⓒ He declines to attend parties or to give them.

Ⓒ He pays small attention to Hollywood's lovely ladies.

"Thank God I don't look like a movie star! That saves me from having to act like one!"—Lee Tracy.

TRACY! The Star

HOLLYWOOD—it gets 'em! And it scares 'em! It enchants and draws to it the most interesting people in the world. Then it trades fame for a fear complex!

With stardom and money comes not only the halo but an alteration in attitude. Happy-go-lucky actors are told they have to follow the ordained Hollywood customs, or else—!

They then do what tradition demands, afraid to stick to their own wishes. And end by being most thoroughly, awfully frightened of what folks will think of their slightest move.

There is one star who dares to be different! And not Garbo, this time.

He's not a speck awed by the glamor and the hooey. He won't say "Uncle" to any pompous big shot or "Sweetheart" to any beautiful blonde. Follow the stellar traditions? Say, you can't scare him into that monkey business.

Lee Tracy is the gentleman's name. If you've been observing, you have noticed how he has whizzed to the top in a year's time. Today, as one of M-G-M's biggest bets, he is said to collect a cool \$3,000 each and every Saturday night. Because he's unique and a wow.

"Be yourself and you'll be fed to the lions!" he exclaimed with a characteristic whimsical grin when I managed to catch up with him between

By
Ben Maddox

shots at the studio. You can't find him when he isn't working. His private life continues to run on stage schedule. Which means he's apt to stay up all night and sleep until the middle of the afternoon on off-duty days.

"That's what the wise guys tell all the newcomers. You have to do this, you gotta do that. You're a movie star now! Thank God I don't look like one. That saves me from having to behave like one!"

No daunting Lightning Lee. (Yes, he talks, moves and thinks as fast in person as you'd imagine.) And when you consider how he has refused to be awed by his stardom and to be rushed into the usual glorified ruts, you gain an immense respect for him and his courage.

Ponder these facts:

He can't be scared into creating or living up to an "illusion."

He won't spend his huge salary lavishly.

He declines to attend swanky parties or to give them.

He thumbs his nose at the mention of a Beverly Hills address, choosing a comparatively modest apartment.

He pays no attention to the magic city's lovely ladies.

Altogether, a most *remarkable* movie star. All the more so since he hasn't the sex appeal a hero is supposed to possess. He took me aside to explain this particular detail.

"I deliberately chose between be-



"I couldn't be glamorous if I sat up nights for six months trying to figure out how to transform myself!"



Until Lee Tracy met John Barrymore, when the two actors were cast together in "Dinner at Eight," Lee had no stellar friends. In John he has discovered a kindred spirit and they are developing a sincere mutual admiration. Watch for the scene shown here and note how Lee Tracy's clever gestures battle Barrymore's technique for first attention.

Hollywood Can't Scare!

coming a lawyer and becoming an actor. The latter game won. But I never suspected I'd be the romantic type. Still don't suspect I ever will be! I wanted to be an expert at light comedy. The yen remains potent. When Nature doesn't make a guy a Gable, there's no sense attempting to be a Romeo, is there?"

Though unimposing in appearance, Lee has a way with the women. It's unconscious and he'd be the last person to admit it.

His appeal to both women and men is due to his amazing vitality and his overwhelming frankness. Seasoned, I should add, with plenty of good old-fashioned Southern charm and courtesy. He was Georgia-born, you know, of a fine and well-to-do family.

He absolutely radiates vigor. A sure tonic for the blues. His speech is rapid in any weather. There is this difference, however, between the reel and the real Lee. In pictures he dishes out his blarney and his fellow actors take it. (And how!)

Personally, he has the same mannerisms and honesty, but he doesn't go around giving orders or acting cocky. He contends everyone has the right to do as he or she pleases. Far be it from him to dictate.

"My ideas are sacrilegious here in Hollywood," he complained when the director released him for another spell of conversation with me. "I couldn't be glamorous if I sat up nights for six months trying to figure out how to transform myself! Why, Sylvia herself couldn't pound sex appeal into me! So I don't worry about it.

"I don't want an estate or a swimming pool or a



"Why, Sylvia herself couldn't pound sex-appeal into me! So I don't worry about it."

limousine. Nor a flock of servants or a horde of palsy-walsies. Nor distinguished visitors. Preserve me from them! And getting fitted for a lot of tailor-made clothes would be a pain in my—er, neck. Polo, golf—? Sure, what every nice young fellow craves—excluding Tracy! He'll take a book and a davenport.

"Why have I never married or said it with bracelets to the movie gals? I'll tell you. I'm too selfish. Don't mean to brag about it, but why kid you, or myself?"

"Home and kiddies? No, sir! I want most of all to be a successful actor. Secondly, to lay away enough money so I'll be positively independent. Third, to have a lifetime of fun."

You may have assumed that Lee is a product of a hard-boiled environment. He does resemble a big city tabloid reporter. Such is not the case, though. For unlike James Cagney, (who understudied him once), and George Raft, he did not emerge from New York's tough district.

His father was an important railway official and Lee was an only child, protected and humored. His childhood, spent in half a dozen cities as his father was transferred to various places, was singularly pleasant. He didn't enjoy playing with the neighborhood gang, and now in Hollywood he feels the same towards the stellar crowd.

Starting to high school in St. Louis, he blacked a boy's eye and was politely but firmly asked to leave. So he finished at Western Military (Continued on page 82)

WHY Claudette Went Gay!

La Colbert chooses
between types of screen
"naughtiness"

By
Aileen St. John Brenon



Here's Colbert in her most knockout rôle—Poppaea in "Sign of the Cross"—jewelled, scantily clad, and unscrupulous in the use of her charms.



Claudette with Ernest Torrence and Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront."



Here's the screen Claudette of yesterday—gentle, dignified and amply clad, and in general as demure as a Louisa Alcott heroine. Remember "The Smiling Lieutenant"?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who all the world knows is a lady, balked when Ernst (Great Director) Lubitsch asked her to lift her skirt and show her pretty legs for the camera! She wouldn't do it, and she didn't! Lubitsch cajoled, coaxed, threatened, but Claudette steadfastly refused to do that naughty, naughty piece of business for "The Smiling Lieutenant." That was some time ago.

And then the next thing we knew she was playing *Poppaea*, wickedest woman in history. *Poppaea*, dangerous, unscrupulous, whose diaphanous and scanty garments were supplemented on occasion by jewelled breastplates and bangles, and dispensed with entirely when she indulged in her bath of wild asses' milk with only an exotic coiffure to guide her!

When Lubitsch strolled on the set of "Sign of the Cross" one day, his eyes questioned Claudette, whom he found attired in a tiara and a few yards of chiffon as she tickled the nose of a tiger. "So-o-o?" Lubitsch said, in sonorous, mocking tones, shaking his head wisely at the scantily clad figure before him.

"But I explained to him," says Claudette, "that I felt far less self-conscious almost completely undressed as *Poppaea* than I did as a nice girl flicking her skirts in the face of an admirer. One belonged, and the other didn't."



A close-up of Claudette's current coiffure, which she adopted to go with her new screen character. And very becoming, at that!

Claudette knew she was regarded on the screen as one of those "nice" girls—charming, winning, appealing, but "nice," innately, appallingly and irrevocably "nice." Because she speaks English correctly, because she has breeding, because her manners, as well as her clothes, are good, she found herself smouldering indefinitely in stuffy screen drawing rooms. On the stage Miss Colbert had made a name for herself by her portrayals of young ladies of somewhat smooth virtue, clear-sighted and sophisticated. Perhaps her greatest success was her characterization of the delectable little tart in "The Barker." But on the screen her seductiveness was practically lost in a sea of sweet goodness.

Nature designed La Colbert as potential competition for Crawford and Dietrich—but Hollywood persisted in pigeon-holing her!

It's all very well to be catapulted onto a pinnacle of virtue, but Claudette did not like being just another movie "good girl," and found herself hankering for at least one of the seven deadlies. In the part of *Poppaea* she knew she would find them all.

A desire to go back to her old stage tricks kept smouldering within her. She wanted in the worst way to be bad, really and truly bad, but she found herself balked at every turn.

(Continued on page 86)



MAE WEST
Madame Recam-
ier in tights;
Venus de Milo
caricatured in
putty.



**KATHARINE
HEPBURN**
Benda mask of
Youth; spring
water.



**NORMA
SHEARER**
Drama League
leading lady gig-
gling at risqué
story.

Poison Ivy WREATHS



IRENE DUNNE
Clyde Fitch heroine in sub-
way; portrait of a lady in
stays.

GEORGE RAFT
Cobra at a quick lunch
counter; tango in Hell's
Kitchen.



RICARDO CORTEZ
Toreador of Tenth Avenue.

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

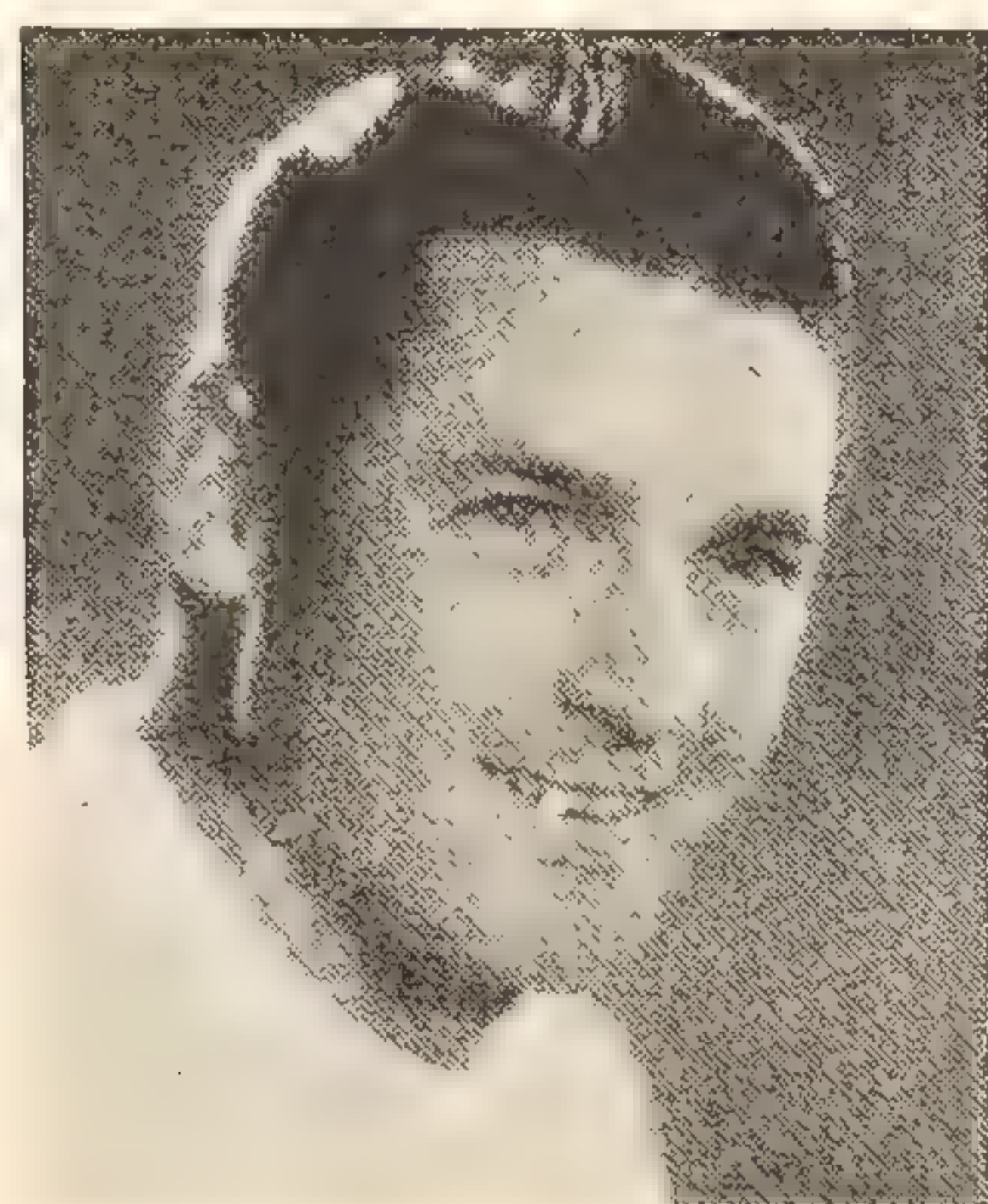
TOM MIX
Circus cowboy shooting
cigar store Injuns.



**CHARLES
FARRELL**
A statue in Ivory
Soap; Amateur
Night.

JOAN MARSH
Tobasco in ted-
dies; frolicsome
kitten.

LEWIS STONE
Miles Standish in
a Rolls - Royce;
gentleman lost in
Hollywood.



**CHARLES
LAUGHTON**
Murder in a pub;
Lord Carstairs in
an asylum.



**BORIS
KARLOFF**
King George has
a nightmare.



Here's Myrna in that slinky-seductress character which she played in pictures for a number of years—until she decided that enough was enough!

Myrna says "farewell to charms"—but only the exotic kind

MYRNA LOY and I were indulging in one of those "Remember when" chats—you know the sort: "Remember when I popped teacher behind the ear with a spitball?" or "Remember the day we played hookey and the truant officer caught us?" My friendship with Myrna does not extend as far back as our school days, but we did meet many years ago—about nine years, to be precise.

"When I was dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre," Myrna reminded me.

I need no reminder. I recall vividly that our first introduction took place in a cubby-hole that Henry Waxman, then an unknown photographer but now one of New York's finest camera artists, described as "his studio." Waxman had attended the Egyptian and his artistic eyes had centered on Miss Loy. He sent backstage an invitation for her to visit his studio for a portrait sitting. Myrna, then a newcomer to the stage and screen, was thrilled. She accepted readily.

It was at Waxman's studio, then, that we met. She was dressed simply that day, and she was a girl in her fresh, early 'teens.

Waxman remarked as he introduced us, "Jimmie, here is a girl who has the personality and beauty to become a great motion picture star. All she needs is the opportunity."

Now Waxman was at that time an artist, which means that he was eccentric. He photographed Myrna standing on her head, leaning on her ear, and poising on her nose. He employed strange lighting effects that left heavy

Sweet and Loy!



And here's the real Myrna—as wholesome and pretty an American girl as you can find! She intends being herself from now on—which is why stardom is indicated.

By
*James
Marion*



It's Ramon Novarro who goes Oriental in "The Barbarian," in which Myrna plays an American girl with Egyptian blood in her veins. And very lovely, too!

shadows on her face. The photographic results were amazingly exotic affairs that made the girl look like the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra come to life in one body.

About this time two more people became interested in Waxman's work—two people whose names are sufficient introduction: Rudolf Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova. I believe Natacha discovered Myrna's portraits before Rudolf, but both were immediately attracted. I was Valentino's publicity agent then, and I remember that he arrived at the studio one

morning bearing photographs of his "new find." For days he attempted to interest his employers in Miss Loy's possibilities, but because Rudy was not on the best of terms with the studio—he later broke his contract—he was unsuccessful in arousing general enthusiasm about his protégée.

Mrs. Valentino was more successful. She not only managed to secure several small parts for Myrna, but she also cast Miss Loy in her own production, "What Price Beauty." This picture called Myrna Loy to the attention of motion picture producers. The brothers Warner sent for her and placed her under contract.

The first unfortunate break that befell Miss Loy was that all of Waxman's photographs were exotic. Warner officials gazed upon those pictures and decided that their new contract actress was a natural vampire.

I shall never forget the conflicting emotions in Myrna's heart when she returned home after she had been assigned her first Warner Brothers rôle. She was happy to have a contract and a regu- (Continued on page 84)



Joan Crawford's pet Scottie is named "Sadie," after her character of Sadie Thompson in "Rain." Morgan Dennis has made this original, exclusive portrait of Joan and her pet, expressly for our contest. The first-prize winner will become the happy owner of the original Dennis drawing.

**Who'll Win This Original Drawing
of Joan Crawford and her Scottie
by Morgan Dennis?**

Would you like to own this beautiful original drawing of the screen's most popular star by the celebrated artist, Morgan Dennis? Turn the page for contest details. The first-prize winner will receive the original of the drawing reproduced above, which will be personally autographed by Joan Crawford herself and also by Morgan Dennis.

Hollywood's Own Pet Show!

And Yours, Too!

Guy (Comedian)
Kibbee's Pekingese
has a sense of
humor, too!



Mary Pickford is playing "Peke-a-boo" with two pretty "baby stars." Going into the movies, youngsters?



Above, Morgan Dennis, the artist whose drawing of Joan Crawford is first prize in our contest, is shown here with Miss Eva Farrell, leading lady in the first Dennis movie, and Jock and Jill, the famous Scotties.

Jackie Cooper gives his pet police-dog a tussle. Here's a good example of a grand "boy and dog" snapshot.

Maurice Chevalier, below, loves dogs and has several, but the beauty pictured with him, below, is his particular favorite.



Ever whistle just to see a pup put his head on one side? Of course you have, and Anita Louise, above, is doing just that to get this amusing picture of her "wire," right.



Here is one of the finest studies in doggy patience we have ever seen! Ralph Forbes' thoroughbred pet poses at his master's bidding — or maybe the photographer whistled!





Bob Montgomery's wire-haired terrier has responsibility!

A new contest! Give your pets a chance to shine! Don't let the pampered pets of screen stars steal all the glory!

RULES

For SCREENLAND'S Pet Picture Contest:

1. Take a characteristic photograph—a Kodak picture, or snapshot, of your pet and yourself, or your pet alone. Your pet may be a dog, a cat, a horse, a parrot, but be sure it's your own particular pet! Print your name and address, and the name of your pet, on the back of the photograph you send. No letter or additional writing is necessary. Any size photograph acceptable.

2. Mail your photograph to Pet Picture Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, before the closing date of this contest, midnight, June 22, 1933.

3. The judges of the contest, listed below, will select the most interesting, by that meaning the most unique, amusing, or beautiful photograph, to win the first prize, the original drawing of Miss Joan Crawford with her Scottie by Morgan Dennis, the famous artist. There will be twelve additional prizes for the next twelve most interesting photographs: six two-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND, and six one-year subscriptions to SCREENLAND, subscriptions to begin with the August issue.

4. The judges of this contest are Miss Joan Crawford, Mr. Morgan Dennis, and Miss Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND.

5. In case two photographs are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.

6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.



Gary Cooper calls this his "antique hound"—because it's an Afghan, directly descended from the Afghan hounds which are the oldest dogs in history.



Verna Hillie, above, has temporarily "adopted" Bobby, the 12-year-old acting cat who is in demand by all the Hollywood studios. Bobby belongs, really, to Miss Charlotte Delaney.



Hello, world! Cary Grant's very new wire-haired terrier looks it over from his perch in Cary's pocket, while the actor studies his script. We couldn't ask for a more appealing dog picture than this!



Helen Twelvetrees, her biggest hat, and her smallest dog. The other Twelvetrees pet is a wire-haired terrier, who is sulking somewhere because he was left out of this picture.





Irving Lippman

The Girl Who Couldn't Stay Away!

ANN DVORAK left Hollywood for Europe, leaving the American screen to shift for itself. But she just couldn't stay away, with that promising picture career back home begging to be fulfilled. So Ann is back again—watch for her next picture!



BUT Johnny Weissmuller is a much better acrobat than the gentleman in the popular sob ballad. And he's right at home on this tricky seat after his "Tarzan" caperings. By the way, how about that "Tarzan" sequel, Johnny?

"The Man on the Flying Trapeze"



Boys Will Be Birds!

HERE are two of your favorite film actors, about to "take a flyer" in the same picture! Fredric March and Cary Grant will chase each other in and out among the clouds in "The Eagle and the Hawk."



Irving Lippman

A Summer Carole

AND here's the incentive for all that high flying! Get out your pursuit planes, boys—Carole Lombard at her loveliest is the feminine prize in the strife between "The Eagle and The Hawk."



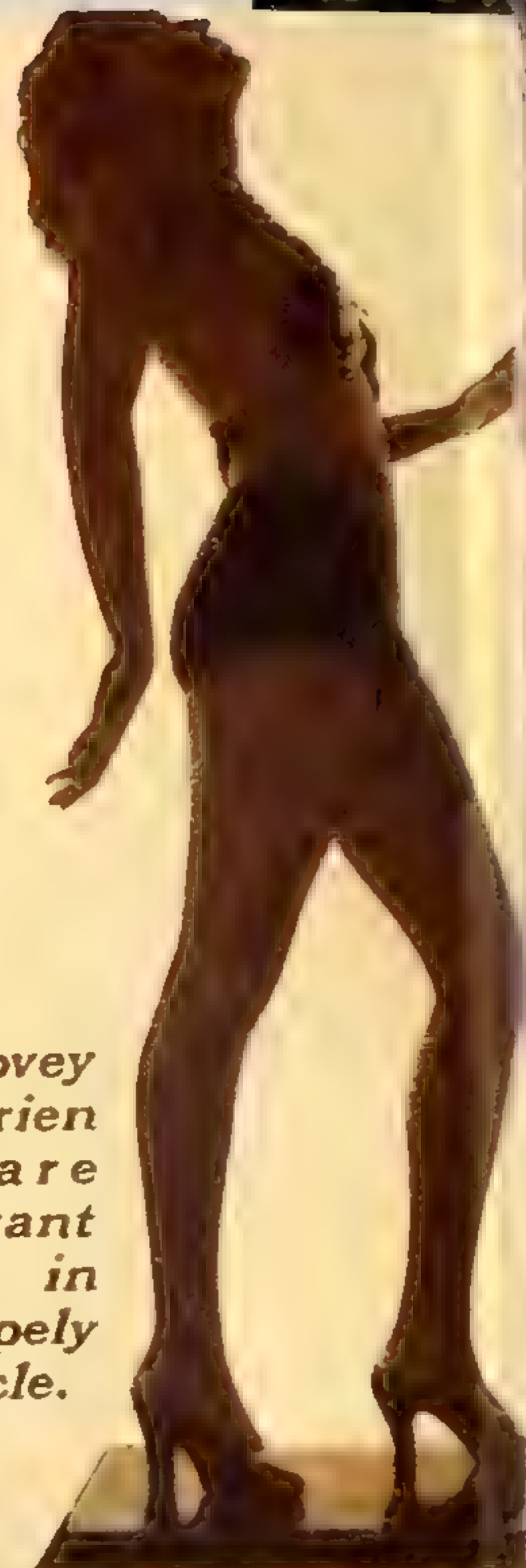
With a Hey, Money-Money and a Hot Cha-charm!

This little gold digger is simply wrapped up in her profession! What, Ginger Rogers—has the lure of lucre roped you in?

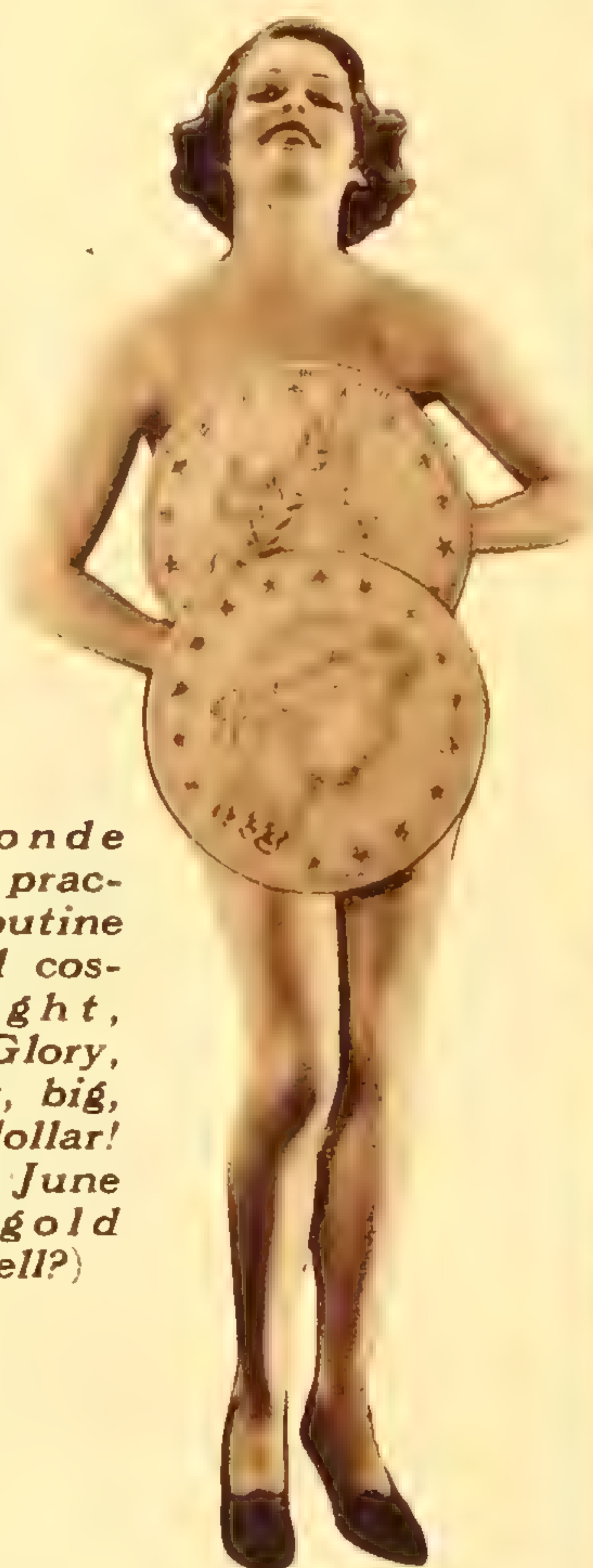


Here's the camera and sound crew getting ready to shoot this unique violin scene, in which the girls look like animated chessmen. It's one of the high points of the picture.

Ann Hovey and Adrien Brier are "important figures" in this shapely spectacle.



Below, blonde Adrien Brier practises her routine in rehearsal costume. Right, here's June Glory, just a great, big, beautiful dollar! (Where was June when the gold standard fell?)



There's a "wealth" of beauty in this scene—see the peppy pretties just rolling in money!



Dick Powell croons his dough-re-mi? with lithe and lovely Ruby Keeler, sensation of "42nd St.," as his inspiration





Barbara Rogers, one of the prettiest of the "gold diggers," shows her nonchalance in the face of a precarious situation. Money may not be everything, but it can be pretty important!

It's tease for two, or two million, when Hollywood's hottest honies step out of their things and into the money in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Photographs by Bert Longworth



One way of reducing coins to bullion! If those gold pieces don't begin to melt, it won't be the sizzling Pat Wing's fault.

Below, looks like a slight scarcity of money, but Maxine Cantway is managing all right. Left, whoever put his money on Loretta Andrews knew how to pick a winner!



Careful reflection! No matter how you stand—upright or on your head—these cuties will look just the same to you.

Watch your watch! Joan Blondell falls in love with Warren William—and she loves him for all he's worth!





Harvey White

She's a Daisy, Suh!

"SUMMER is a-comin' in!" Una Merkel knows it, and she hails the vernal season by twining herself a daisy chain in this lovely sylvan setting. Doesn't her blonde charm blend well with the background!



Max Munn Autrey

WITH the summer sun smiling down on the tennis courts, Warner Baxter just can't help climbing into sweater and flannels and dusting off the old racquet. And now for some fast and furious "service"!

He's a Tennis Menace!

F-L-A-S-H!

Exclusive Fashions!

All photographs of Miss Ames by Sbalitt, N. Y. posed exclusively for SCREENLAND Magazine.

Swagger Holds Sway!

Suit yourself, of course—but Adrienne suggests swagger number. Miss Ames' small suit is a three-piece affair. And don't miss that intriguing white piqué blouse which features three bows of the same material. Adrienne says there's "Must" on piqué this season.

White? Right!

Miss Ames wore the bewitching white summer suit at a party in her honor at the Ritz Tower and caused quite a stir. The lucky gals who can wear white are in right. Ah, the Adrienne!

A Grand "Mess" —Jacket!

Adrienne says for your distinctive, "different" dress, by all means get a "Mess" jacket costume. "And," says Miss Ames, "insist upon padded shoulders and reverses."

Certified Check!

Or a check that's good! Adrienne endorses this brown and white checked costume. Like the white ruffled guimpe and the triangular pockets? A jaunty hat of the same material tops this very wearable outfit.



Adrienne Ames gives us the first glimpse of her new wardrobe, designed for her in Hollywood, first worn in New York—and pronounced a sensation!



Red, White and Beige!

There's the most dramatic costume of the season! The hat, gloves, and three-quarter length coat are of red and white striped light wool. The dress is beige. Adrienne wore this to lunch at the Embassy Club, and did the smart New Yorkers take notice!

All Laced Up!

There's a dress that has everything! Adrienne's frock is of ecru lace and features lacing on the bodice. Even without that ultra-smart coat, above, it's a winner!



Go Feather Your Dress!

Yea, bo! Adrienne likes her fluffy, utterly feminine ostrich cape and muff for summer evenings, because they're light as a feather! Her gown is of white chiffon, and its only ornament is a buckle of brilliants.

Her name is Martha Sleeper—but is she an eye-opener! In fact, Martha and her 1933 swim suit are two reasons why surf bathing is so popular at Hollywood beaches this summer. This conservatively cut swim suit gives you a pretty good line on Martha as a mermaid—and the lines on Martha are nothing to sneeze at!



S-P-L-A-S-H!

Martha Sleeper (at top) is wearing the "Sea Nymph," from Dunnings Silk Shop, Pasadena, Cal. Maureen O'Sullivan disports herself in the "San Tropez" in wine and white ripple knit—N. Snellenberg & Co., Philadelphia. Mary Carlisle's suit is a ripple knit, "Sun Tan," Best & Co., New York. All models by B. V. D.



"Sing ho, sing hey, for the salty spray!" Surf-bored? Not Maureen O'Sullivan! The way the little Irish elf zooms over the breakers is everybody's business—unless they happen to be near-sighted or over 150 years old! Maureen's sun-tan back is both health-giving and pictorial—and as timely as a pretzel.



The photographer insisted that Mary Carlisle sit for portrait before going out for her swim—thus proving what excellent judgment those photographers can have! The shoulder-strap effect on Mary's suit is favorable to free swimming motion, and very restful to the eye of the beholder. And wouldn't that smile tame the angriest wave!



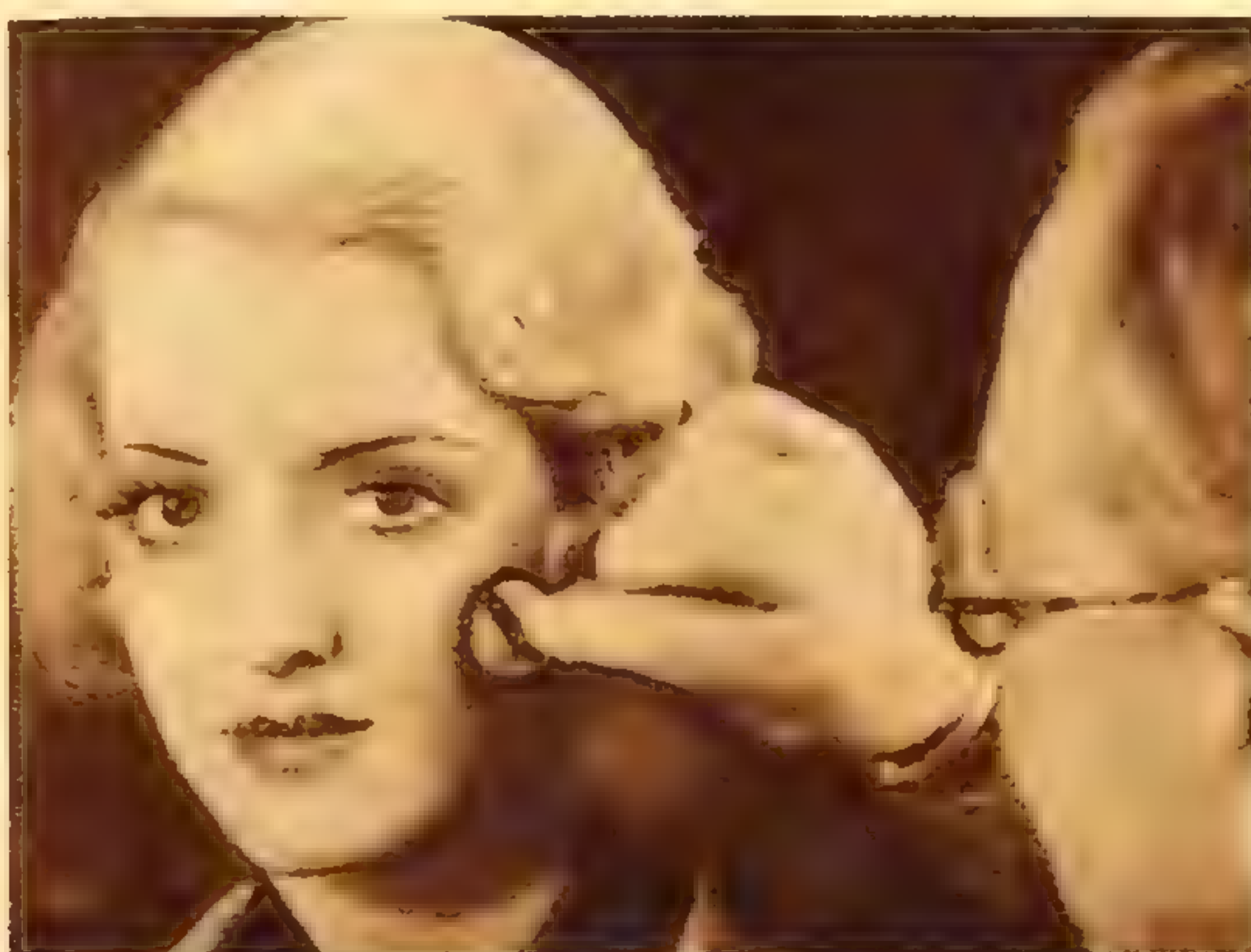
★ BETTE DAVIS, Star in Warner Bros.
Feature Picture "Ex-Lady"

"My Make-Up Secret"

...Bette Davis

"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has

created make-up for the stars and the studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."



1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachele Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours, which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering... always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day... three good reasons why I use it."

P. S.—"Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every feature picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.
For your own personal make-up color harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

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MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

★ Mail... for Lipstick Palette

TEST YOUR COLOR IN LIP MAKE-UP

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction-Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick Palette to test my color in lip make-up.

4-7-65

	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
NAME	Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
	Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
ADDRESS	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
	Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
CITY	Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
	Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
STATE	Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Marlene Dietrich and Hardie Albright in "The Song of Songs."

Here's a close-up showing how alluring the lovely Dietrich can look as an exotic enchantress in her latest picture.

"M.D."!



Above, Marion "as is." Right, Marion as "Peg O' My Heart," in her new film.



"M.D."? That means Marion Davies, Sunshine Doctor. Here's a grand new slant on the girl

By
Myrene Wentworth

MARION DAVIES was sitting tailor-fashion on a cushion in the library of her beach home, eating a chicken sandwich and talking.

She was wearing ruby-red flannel pajamas—a birthday gift from Bebe Daniels, she explained—and white tennis shoes. In one hand she held a cup of tea and in the other the sandwich, which was no dainty, tea-room affair, but a man-sized, hunger-satisfying one made of Russian rye bread.

Here and there, at various places in the comfortable room, were other celebrated picture people, sitting on chairs or on cushions, eating and talking. Occasionally someone walked across the room to the table where the tea service was placed, for another sandwich or another cup of tea.

It was all very pleasant and very informal. And it was not at all what I had expected to find in that imposingly white house, the Mecca for sightseers, standing behind its walls on the sands at the very edge of the Pacific.

And the girl in the red pajamas on the cushions was not Marion Davies, Hollywood's reigning hostess. Not Marion Davies, screen star. Not Marion Davies, Lady Bountiful to countless children and grown-ups scattered over

the country from New York to her own clinic and hospital in Sawtelle, California.

She was "M. D.," irrepressibly Irish and proud of it!

Marion and her guests—there are always guests in the white house, coming and going at all hours, always sure of a welcome—had been playing tennis, followed by a plunge in the pool. They were hungry and tingling from the shock of the cold water.

That's the only exercise which Marion enjoys: tennis followed by a brisk swim. And she indulges in it every day, except when she is working. This happened to be a vacation day because she wasn't needed that afternoon for the scenes in "Peg o' My Heart." But beside her tea cup on the floor were the complete script of the picture and pages of dialogue for the next day's work. Marion is one of the few screen players who study their "lines" religiously the night before the scenes are to be made.

I found out a lot of things about Marion Davies that afternoon, watching her and listening to her. When she is at the studio or in public places among strangers, Marion covers an innate shyness with a poise which serves as a sort of mask. At home, with her friends, she talks with a freedom and naïveté which are al-

(Continued on page 68)



The palatial beach house of Marion Davies, movie princess, at Santa Monica, California—never before photographed for publication—exclusive!

SCREENLAND'S



The amazing Antoine from Paris, internationally noted coiffure-artist, originates an individual hair-dress for Bette Davis exclusively for SCREENLAND. Bette, as Glamor Editor, aided by Monsieur Antoine, gives you something truly "different" here.

Bette, in the circle, after Antoine's magic fingers performed this coiffure. LaDavis suggests changing your hair-style every few months.



Acme



Be an extremist in your hats, counsels Bette.

All "Glamor" photographs posed by Miss Davis exclusively for SCREENLAND



And here we have Bette showing a weird lacquered wig by Antoine. Some of the Continental beauties actually wear them!

A dashing Davis! Bette, left, emphasizes the importance of piqué. Her hat, gloves, lapels, and Ascot scarf all say—piqué!

Orchidacious! Bette in a striking crêpe orchid evening gown. Her summer cape is of the same material adorned with silver fox.

Glamor School



Bette is turning her back to you because how else can she show you this view of the Antoine-SCREENLAND-Davis coiffure? Bette says your own hair-dresser can arrange your hair like this.



Side view—the hair is perfectly straight—no waves—except for a tight curl at the ends. Two soft ringlets only on the right side, says Antoine. Bette hopes you're getting some ideas here.

Glamor Editor, *Bette Davis*

Golden-haired Bette Davis gives us a "Different" slant on Glamor! Coiffures by Antoine. Bizarre wigs. Fascinating frocks. And the *way* to wear them!



Above, Miss Davis is showing you Antoine's sports wig, which he assures us, some smart Parisiennes really wear for tennis or riding. Note the visor effect in front.

The Lady in Gold! These are Bette's favorite lounging pajamas. They are of gold crêpe—very becoming, too.

And now our Glamor Editor is leaving us! Incidentally, her "going-away" costume is brown with blue fox.



Secrets of

What makes you laugh at 'em?
Norman Taurog, noted director,
unfolds the screen comic formula

By

Peter Long

10 Commandments for Directing Comedians

1. Always be your comedian's "best audience."
2. Don't take a "make-me-laugh" attitude. A comedian can dish a "dead pan" out, but he can't take it!
3. Be sure your comedian gets sympathy in his rôles. Then the more troubles he has, the louder audiences laugh.
4. Don't change his pet "props." He can't be funny without them.
5. Never let a comic become a smart-alec.
6. Don't make light of a comedian's superstitions. After associating with comics you find yourself side-stepping ladders and black cats.
7. Give a comedian plenty of rope in changing lines or situations. You can usually depend on his sense of what's funny and what's funnier.
8. Don't let him indulge in too much pathos. A comedian is usually a good actor who loves to play tragedy, and sometimes he overdoes it.
9. Don't try to make over your comedian's personality. Individuality is a comedian's greatest asset.
10. And always remember—being funny is a serious business!

"COMEDIANS, like children, are the most lovable of human beings," says Norman Taurog. "Like children they are the finest of actors, and furthermore, like children, they have more pet peculiarities and superstitions than a dictionary has words."

Taurog's new picture, "A Bedtime Story," starring Chevalier, is now a success on the screens—and the director was glad to talk about it.

"Maurice is one of the greatest of farceurs," said Chevalier's director. "Yet underneath all the irrepressible naughtiness of the gay dog, there is a gentleness and sweetness of character that has never before been brought out on the screen. In real life, Chevalier has all the seriousness, all the quiet modesty of the great artist. His biggest laughs have come from the simple humor of life; he doesn't need funny clothes to conjure them.

"In 'A Bedtime Story' he has lost none of

his gay screen personality, but he also has the wistfulness, tenderness, sweetness that create the same quality of sympathy which has always been the secret of the never-failing appeal of Chaplin and Lloyd.

"This Chevalier may be new to American audiences, but he will be the *old* Chevalier of France."

"Do you know what Maurice said to me on the set one day? 'Norman, I am craz-ee about this story and the bab-ee. Can't you give the bab-ee more? Give heem as much as you like. It will be great for the picture.' There is the true artist for you!

"Although Chevalier has no children of his own, he loves them," Taurog went on. "One night Mrs. Taurog and I were having open house. During the early evening, Maurice, who was one of our guests, disappeared. An hour later he was found upstairs in the nursery playing with our baby girl, who was then only four months old! He got more kick out of breaking the nursery rules to play with the baby than he did out of the party."

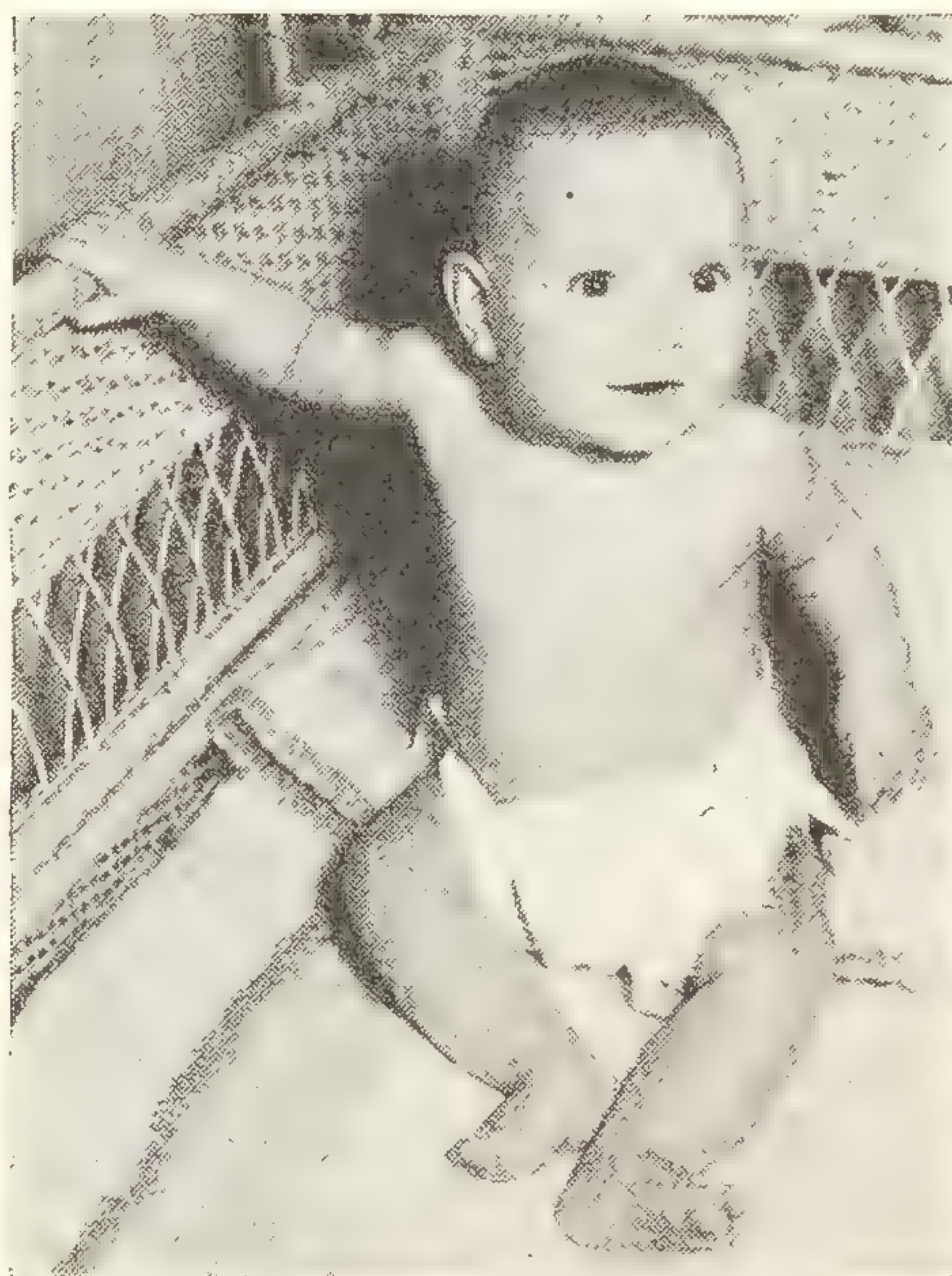
Of the fairly recent newcomers to the screen Taurog thinks Chevalier, Jimmy Durante, Charles Ruggles and Edward Horton are outstanding figures. Most of the old-time silent picture comics were slapstick comedians. Of the four above-mentioned, Jimmy of the Schnozzle is alone in the slapstick field as the other three are essentially farceurs. It was Jimmy, by the way, who sent Taurog that telegram reading: "Dear Norman: Sorry to hear that you are going to direct Chevalier. It's an awful drop—from Durante to Chevalier. Well, you

can't stay up all the time. Yours in regret, Mr. Jimmy Durante."

"How do you like that?" commented Taurog. "Come to think of it, Mr. Durante is a fitting example of the similarity between comedians and children. Let us compare him with Jackie Cooper.

"Although their acting methods are widely different, they are very much alike in characteristics. Jackie is a boy, Jimmy is just a big, overgrown boy. They both like to play marbles, eat ice-cream cones, and a dollar is their limit in spending money. Both have tremendous appeal to the girls, who love to mother them. Garbo has always been crazy about Jimmy, while Dietrich is mad about Jackie.

"Possibly the only difference



Above, left, a happy trio! Baby LeRoy, director Taurog, and Chevalier. And here's Monsieur Bab-ee himself!

Directing *the* Films' Funny Men!

between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Durante is twenty-five years—or more. Oh, yes,—and in their taste in clothes. Whereas Mr. Cooper is very conservative in his choice of raiment, Mr. Durante is a shining example of what the well-dressed man will throw away!"

Will Jimmy be mortified when he reads this?

Be that as it may, the director and comedian have a deep affection and respect for one another.

Said Taurog when "The Phantom President" scored: "We needed a dynamic tempo in this political satire to generate fun and enthusiasm. Durante's mad, enthusiastic style of comedy was so infectious that it kept the audiences on the edge of their seats. Durante comes from the people. His comedy is of the people, for the people and with the people. He is a happy, mad lovable buffoon of comedy, but withal, a really great actor."

The director's tribute more than makes up for the wise cracks, so Jimmy can still keep his attitude.

To get around to the ten commandments for comedians, the last is most important and covers everything: "Always remember, being funny is a serious business."

Little things that would seem the most trivial to the average person are usually the most important in the mind of a comedian. Unlike the clever dramatic actor who can often simply "walk through" a rôle, and relying upon his own personal charm and appeal to get by, the poor comic knows he has to be funny—or else. He may get up in the morning feeling low and blue, but when he gets on the set at the studio he knows the audiences who will later see the picture confidently expect him to make them laugh. If he ever falls into the "unfunny class," he can seldom make them laugh again. Therefore, the comedian has scores of little superstitions regarding certain "props" and tricks that never fail to make the cash customers laugh. And he can be forgiven if he is a little touchy about them.

"After having directed most of the successful comedians during the past ten years," says Taurog, "I have become as superstitious and as serious-minded as they are regarding the business of being funny. I can sympathize with Jimmy Durante if he wants to wear the



The chap with the Roman schnoz—er—nose behind Mr. Taurog is none other than Mr. James Durante. Taurog directed Jimmy in "The Phantom President"—a howl!

"Hey, Young Fella!" sings Maurice Chevalier to Baby Le Roy. Chevalier loves children—and he was "crazee" about his co-star. Director Taurog says that Maurice is one of the greatest of screen farceurs.

Did Bob Woolsey pull a nifty that wasn't in the script on Bert Wheeler? Both Wheeler and Norman Taurog look perturbed. Taurog has lots of fun directing these zanies.

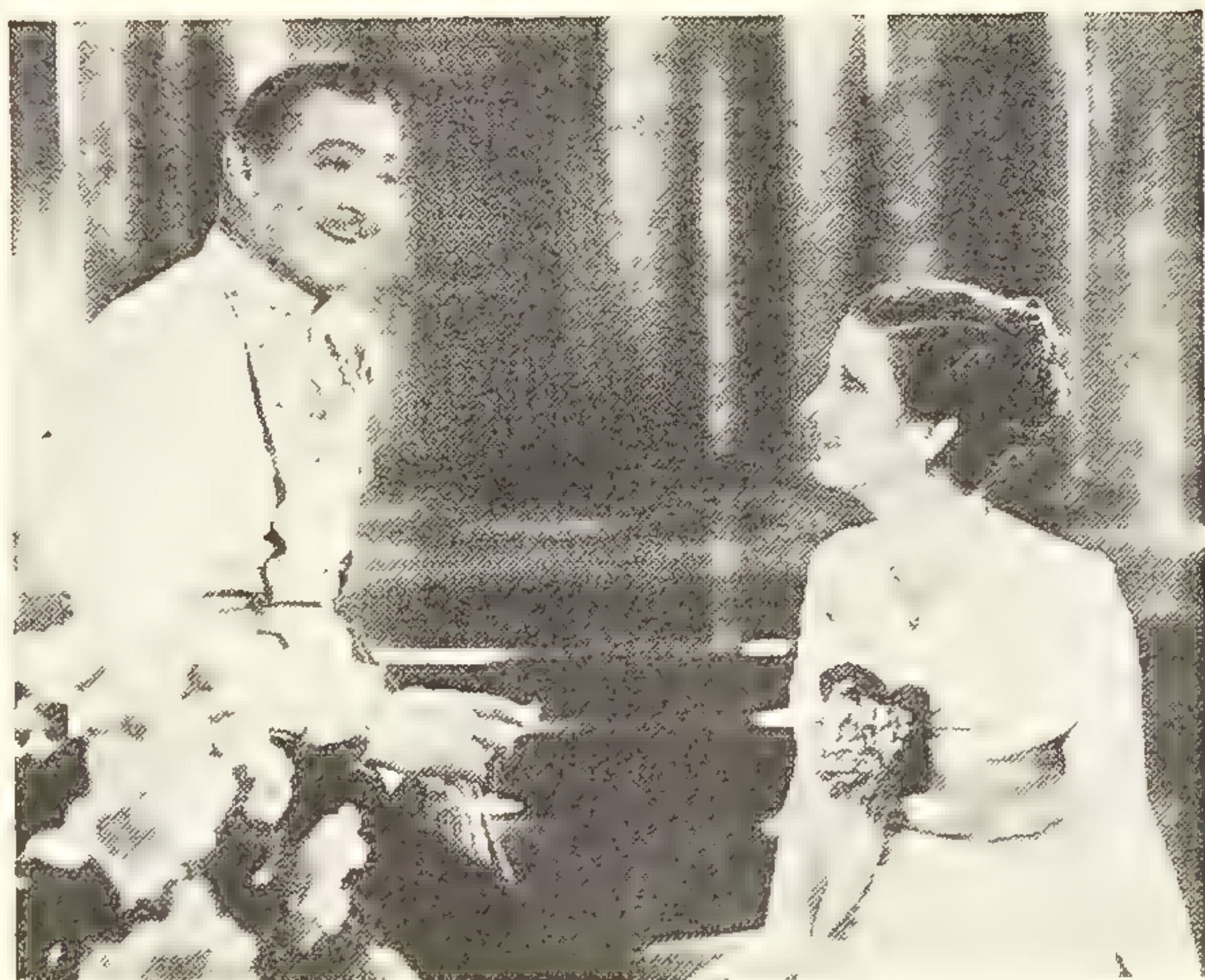
same hat he has worn for five years, or with Bob Woolsey if he insists upon a certain brand of cigars to smoke, or with Harold Lloyd if he devotedly relies upon his horn-rimmed glasses. Without a certain favored prop, which the audiences have come to associate with the comedian for laugh purposes, the funny man's confidence is swept away and also his ability to make you laugh."

If you think these so-called trivial quirks don't go deeper than a mere mental (Continued on page 80)



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Reunion in
Vienna
M-G-M



The sophisticates' film of the month! This screening of Robert Sherwood's play, which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne acted on the stage, lives up to its advance ballyhoo. It's a charming, bitter-sweet comedy about an exiled Hapsburg archduke and his "old" sweetheart, who meet again after all these years. John Barrymore has the Lunt rôle, and Diana "Cavalcade" Wynyard Miss Fontanne's, meaning it's pretty much of a super-show. All that "flavor of Old Wien" we've heard about is caught by the cameras when the lovers meet again and try to recapture that old rapture. Barrymore is completely captivating in the moods and rages and tender moments of the archduke, and Miss Wynyard surprises as a deft comedienne. Sparkling dialogue; sumptuous settings; a capital comedy performance by Henry Travers, new to films—yes, it's a fine picture. Can't help thinking, though, what a knockout show Lubitsch could have made of it!

A Bedtime
Story
Paramount



The sweetest story Chevalier ever told! The straw-hat sheik will recapture all straying movie-goers with his new film, he and his new co-star, Baby Leroy. Some of you boys may feel that Baby Leroy can not quite take the place of Ba-bee Jeanette MacDonald. But it's certain that "Monsieur Ba-bee" is the current kid rave, and will go up or down in screen history on the list with Jackie Coogan, Dickie Moore, and Jackie Cooper. Chevalier, smart man, shares as many scenes as possible with Monsieur Goo-goo, but you won't tire. In fact, Leroy goes to sleep on *you*, while you are screaming for more of him. Maurice plays his usual dashing Frenchman with a difference—he adopts this ba-bee, and sings to him, with side glances at Helen Twelvetrees, Adrienne Ames, and several other lovely ladies. He's a more human, appealing Maurice here. Miss Twelvetrees is really charming; Miss Ames is gorgeously decorative.

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By *Delight Evans*

Hell Below
M-G-M



This is a man's picture. Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, lovers—oops, that was just the D. H. Lawrence touch, sorry!—won't have to be coaxed, they will come quietly. They will want to see the submarines in action; they will welcome the absence of mush, blah, boloney, or whatever they happen to call too many heavy love scenes. And of course they'll like Walter Huston and Jimmy Durante. All in all, a grand evening for the boys. As for me, "Hell Below" was worth while if only because of Robert Montgomery's best rôle in—let's see, how long has it been? Montgomery is less smarty and more sincere as the young sub.-lieutenant who learns discipline in the school of war and fights a manly battle with himself to an heroic finish. The sea scraps are remarkable; they will leave you limp. Romance? Madge Evans is charming in an unbelievable part of a heroine who can't quite make up her mind. You'll like Robert Young.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Outstanding Performances of the Screen Month:

Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story"

Richard Barthelmess in "Central Airport"

John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna"

Diana Wynyard in "Reunion in Vienna"

George Arliss in "The Working Man"

Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"

Franchot Tone in "Today We Live"

Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"

Baby Leroy in "A Bedtime Story"

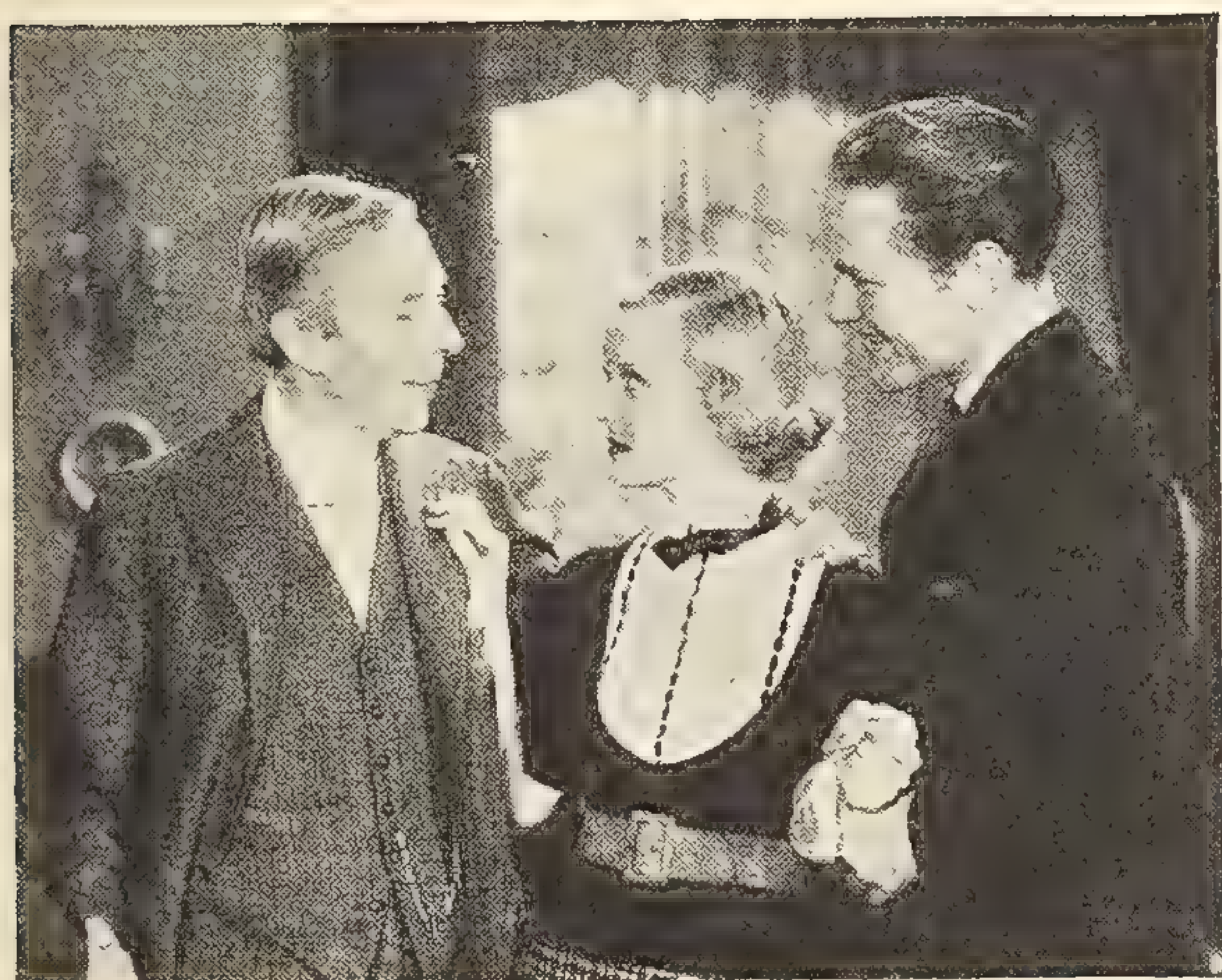
Myrna Loy in "The Barbarian"



Today
We
Live
M-G-M



A "must see" for several reasons—most important, Joan Crawford; second, William Faulkner's first screen story; third, Franchot Tone. It's the war again, and you know what war is; you should, you've been seeing it fought over on the screen often enough lately. But Joan's picture is chiefly of interest because of its picturesque human relationships—the heroine and her brother, her brother's friend, her lover—fascinating characters, with Faulkner dialogue which is colorful if not always convincing. You care what happens to these people. Although Joan is starred, and gives a beautiful performance, clear, sincere, and moving, this, like "Hell Below," is a man's picture. Gary Cooper, the very likeable Robert Young, and the new and exciting Mr. Tone go about their war exploits with admirable ease and appeal. Marvelous air stuff; thrilling suspense; some humor—and Joan. And that seems to be enough for any one picture!



The
Working
Man
Warners



Here's the first picture in which his Hollywood bosses have not presented him as "Mr." George Arliss. And there's a good reason. For the first time film audiences will be tempted to hail the celebrated English actor as "George," he's so untheatrical and sympathetic in his latest screen offering. If you liked "The Millionaire"—and who didn't?—you'll enjoy this new Arliss opus even more. The star is at his best as the million-dollar shoe king who relishes a good business battle almost as much as he likes fishing. It's lucky he goes on that fishing trip, because that's where he encounters those two charming wastrels, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton, and decides to take them in hand. Appointing himself their guardian, he takes over their inherited shoe factory and whips it into shape so successfully that he almost ruins his own business. The cast is splendid. Take the family—it's not only clean, but really amusing.



Gabriel
Over the
White House
M-G-M



Of course you'll be seeing this. It's our most "timely" cinema—if it were any more timely it would have to be a newsreel. And it is good entertainment, too, which seems more important to me. Whether you agree with its political propaganda or not, you'll have a good time, and you'll relish particularly, I think, those scenes showing the extermination of the last of the gaudy gangsters—movie stuff with the real old-time ruthlessness. Right now I want to extend my own wreath—of nice fresh laurel—to that superb actor, C. Henry Gordon, who makes *Nicky Diamond*, the menace, an intelligible and believable being. Walter Huston is chief actor, playing in his brisk and efficient fashion the *President of the U. S.*, who solves our country's problems in record time. Stirring scenes; a little leaven of romance—Karen Morley and Franchot Tone; altogether, a picture to see. The men of the family will like it particularly.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

"Sweet summer breeze!" Carole Lombard braves the trying summer sun gaily—so can you if you follow our beauty suggestions.

Sun

Margery Wilson gives refreshing advice on the art of summer allure

Doesn't Madge Evans look comfortable and serene in her tailored checks? The summer girl will do well to remember the increased necessity of personal daintiness.

BACK to nature! All the way back! Haven't you heard? Large numbers of people will undoubtedly decide again that the beaches and mountains furnish sufficient opportunity for them to express themselves *au naturel*. But there is a real back-to-the-farm vacation movement that boasts the stamp of smart approval and enthusiasm. It promises to be lots of fun. The clothes this year help the bucolic turn of mind. For the first time in history, Schiaparelli and Chanel models will have a bovine audience—I mean, of course, the four-legged variety.

McDowell's *To a Deserted Farm* is being revived in Sunday afternoon tea-musicals. An unsentimental deb was heard whistling it while trying on a knitted-string blouse. She will probably wear the blouse with white duck shorts and a big straw hat as she goes bicycling down country lanes. It will look quite the thing on the beach, too—since it is now smart to make at least a gesture toward putting something on over a bathing suit when one emerges from the water. It really is only a gesture, though, for naturally everyone is just as anxious as ever to soak up the sun. The object is still to expose a great deal of oneself to it as nonchalantly as possible.

But everywhere we see these little touches creeping in

on behavior and appearance. Some of them are just as paradoxical as covering a bathing suit without covering the girl, but they seem to add a little picturesqueness to women that they had somehow lost, for all their bravado.

The summer girl will do well to remember also the increased necessity for personal daintiness. Hot weather and expanses of skin make extra demands on her fastidiousness. This is the time of year when we should kneel right down in the sand and thank the fates for deodorants and depilatories—and then rise to put them to thorough use. One dares not offend the command of fashion to be fragrant, freshly, sweetly, alluringly, refreshingly fragrant! Be thankful then for lotions and colognes, sensible soaps, cooling powders, and depilatories. You can't afford to be without them.

It is a splendid plan to outfit a summer-time kit with just the things you need. Then you will be ready at a moment's notice to dash off for a week-end or for the whole summer. It is very reassuring to feel ready for any emergency. You can compile such a kit with your own individual selection or you can buy one already assembled for you. It should contain among the creams and skin tonics two shades of powder—the darker one to wear in the daytime and help deflect the sun's rays, and the lighter one for evening. You will find that blue eye-shadow looks more natural in the searching daylight, probably because it seems

almost like a reflection of summer skies. Be sure to have plenty of skin tonic as it helps to refresh and tone your skin in the hot weather.

With a little extra thoughtfulness one should be able to keep cool and thus do the world a favor by looking comfortable and serene. Nothing is so attractive on a hot day as the sight of an immaculate, unhurried, cool-looking person. For additional well-being watch your summer diet. Crisp salads to replace heavy food help to maintain cool comfort by keeping the body alkaline and fresh.

The most tantalizing fragrance in the world is not the perfume in a bottle. It is the combination of a fitting fragrance warmed to breathing life on the inter-cleanness of dainty, healthy, feminine flesh.

Clothe this perfection of presence in organdy or chiffon and you will have a romantic figure for any summer colony—one destined to create much "brujeria" among the unsuspecting males. Lilian Harvey here is a perfect example of summer exquisiteness. Add a little moonlight, a *souper* of music, a man, and there you have a Midsummer Night's Dream of the better sort!

This type of girl knows from experience that she is more attractive on a hot day when she is coolly languid.

and Daughter!

By
Margery Wilson

She withdraws from the white glare into a restful shade and looks at the sweltering world calmly from under a flattering, brimmed hat. What magic there is in a hat-brim! There is a story by Mary Austin of an Indian woman who found herself competing with a white woman for the affections of her man. The white woman had lovely drooping hats. The Indian woman wore no hat or else a bit of cloth twisted around her head. She began to wear hats. She kept her man! An old riddle, that neither the man nor the woman can explain—except that a man must look a little closer to see the face under a hat-brim and once having looked closely at loveliness he is lost—as “King Kong” was lost!

Beauty, apparently, is a great force in the world. And summer is its heyday. It is the time of lush fulfillment in all of nature. It is the time of full-blown flowers. It is a woman's opportunity to be lovelier than ever. I do hope that she has cared for her figure so that she looks like a nymph in her bathing suit instead of a cake that rose and fell. Even so it is not too late. Exercise is the answer to the desire to be lithe, lissome, limber. So do take full advantage of the freedom of vacation time to get your share of conditioning activity.

At the art colony at Laguna Beach, California, members of a dancing class adhere to the Greek tradition and go leaping through the woods in classical rhythms. This type of exercise induces gracefulness as well as improvement to the body. If I could, I would visit every summer colony and community to stir up interest in outdoor performances of all kinds. There is a physical, spiritual and aesthetic stimulation in outdoor dances, festivals, and in outdoor theatres for amateurs. This sort of thing is becoming more and more popular—some of the “theatres” being very elaborately grown by expert gardeners, with shrubs for wings, footlights hidden in banks of ivy. The audience often brings its own seats from which to witness comfortably everything from Shakespeare to “Lysistrata.”

All of which bears directly on beauty. Nothing is more beautifying than happiness and one of the surest ways to be happy is to create or help to create something yourself. However, you most certainly will get an added



Lilian Harvey here is a perfect example of lithe, lissome, limber grace. Dancing induces good health.

Bette Davis in “shorts” — and we don't mean two-reelers! Some girls will find this attire satisfactory for tennis. Bette endorses shorts for summer sports.



satisfaction and joy from your summer pleasures if you know that your skin is smooth, evenly colored, and free from redness. If you should, in your zeal for sun bathing, acquire several different shades of tan, you can even up your hue by applying to the lighter streaks an oil that gives a tan without the sun. Do protect your skin and let it tan gradually so as not to coarsen it. Oil, and lots of it, will keep your skin young under the burning rays of the sun. Then it will better stand the brilliant, almost garish colors that are popular at all resorts in the daytime. The violent greens, reds and oranges, and electric blues seem to indicate a carnival spirit of celebrating a new optimism that everyone feels. Batiks are being revived for country and beach. Shorts are the only concession to the trouser craze, except, of course, the ever-popular slacks. But even they are being seen less and less. One of the new “gestures” toward modesty is the divided-skirt for sports. Well! But without a doubt, after the sun goes down, it's a chiffon and organdy summer. So tone your rouge down to harmonize with the palest pastel shades from tea-time on. Tropical colors for the noon-day sun and at night soft caressing colors and fabrics that rival the moon in vague and vaporous transparency. And don't forget that inter-penetrating fragrance that refreshes as the “inspiring touch of rain-washed air.”

If you can learn to give off this atmosphere, even through mid-summer heat, you will be a true woman, my daughter, in spite of the sun!

Now get out in the open and stay there!

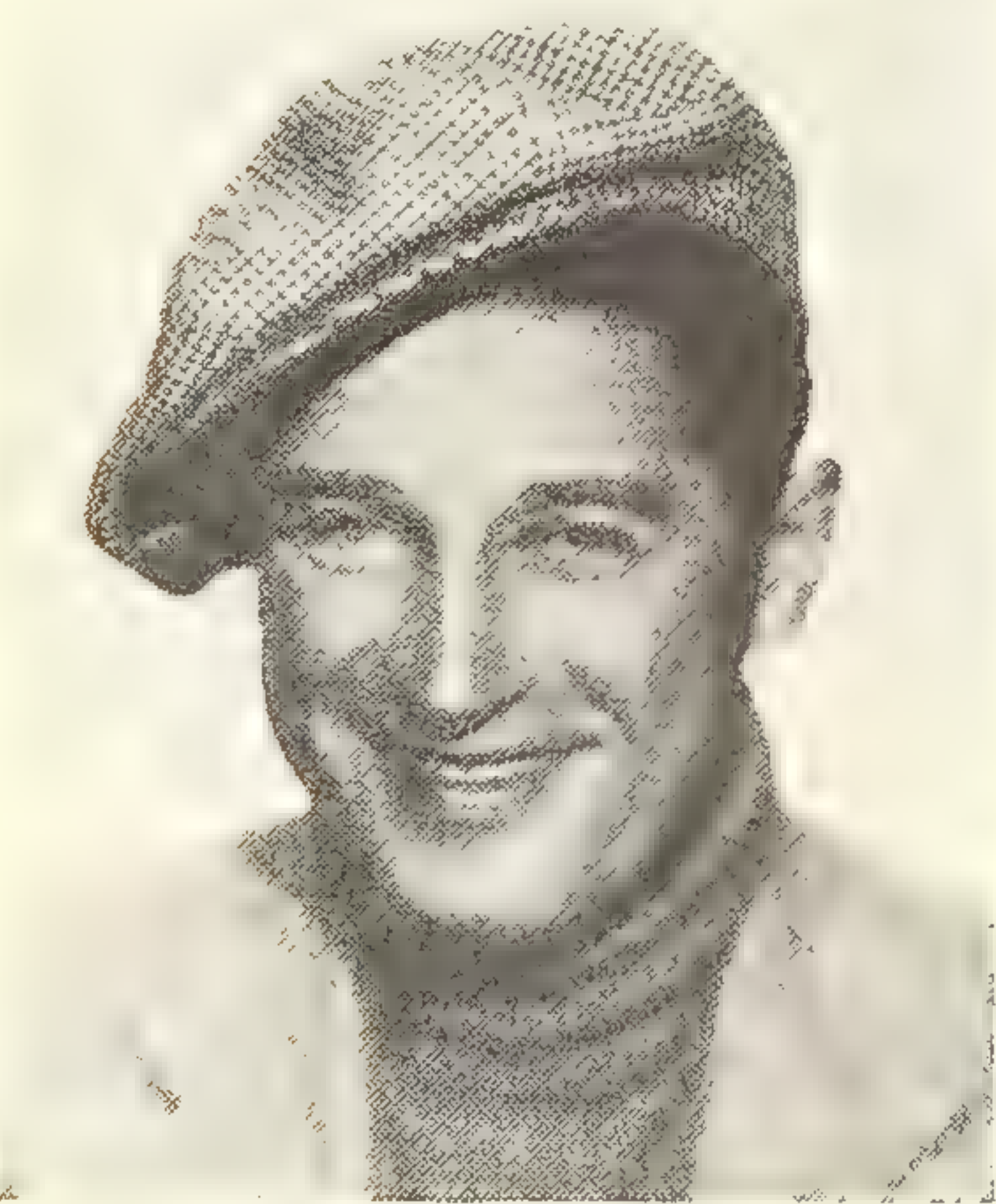


Exhibit A—Bing Crosby is proudly displaying his contest record to Gail Patrick. Do you want Crosby's record? Then write that "winning" letter!

By Request: Another "Record" Contest

Souvenirs from Singers!

By
Evelyn Ballarine



Maurice Chevalier



Lawrence Tibbett

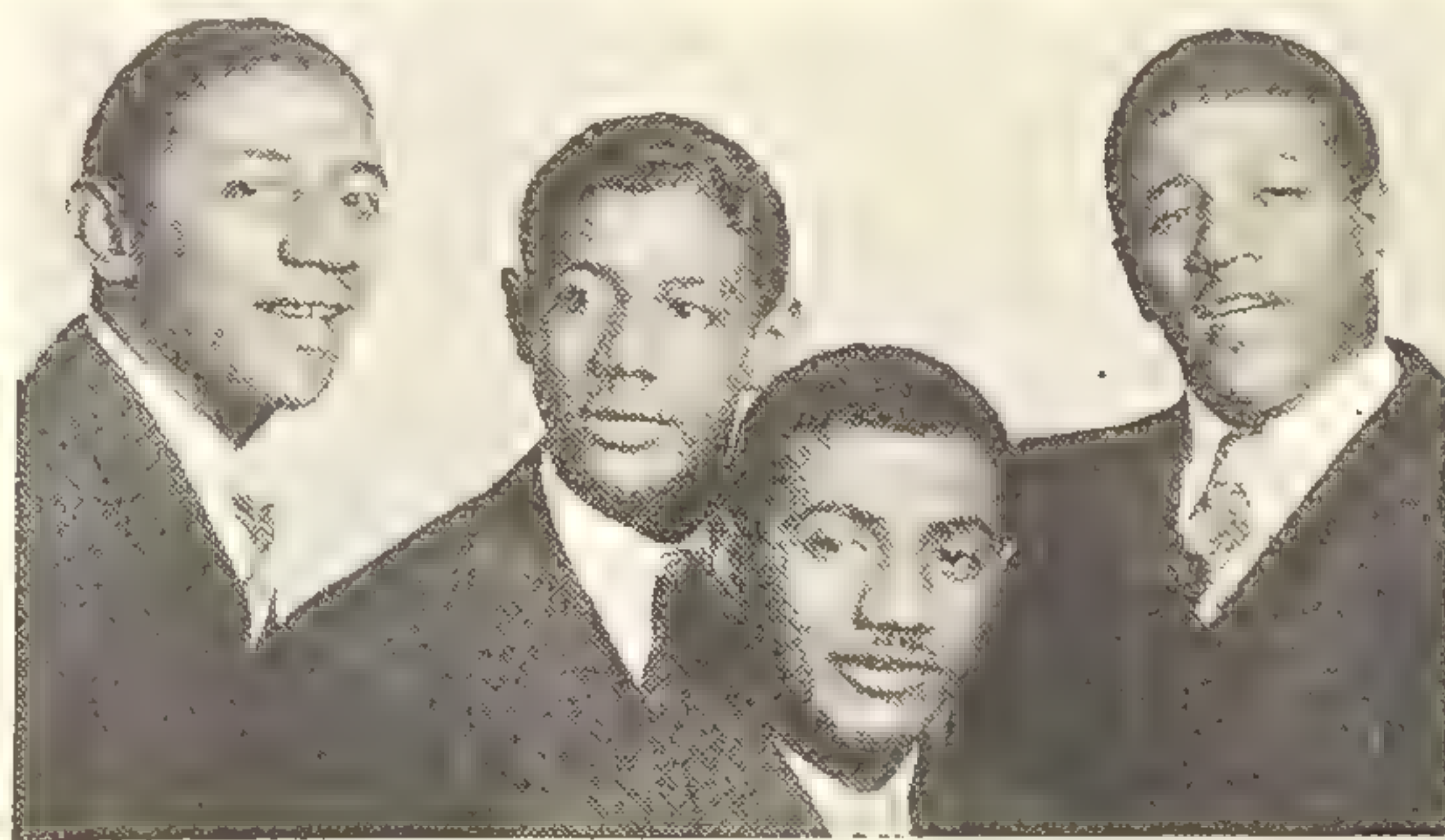


Al Jolson



Arthur Tracy

WELL, I've found out how popular radio orchestra leaders are! As a result of last month's favorite-conductor letter contest, I know why Rudy Vallee is so popular; why Don Bestor gets all that fan mail; and why Paul Whiteman is still "King of Jazz"! But enough of that—let's get to this month's contest. You've been singing the praises of Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, Lawrence Tibbett, Al Jolson, Arthur (Street Singer) Tracy, and the Four Mills Brothers, and you've been buying their Brunswick and RCA-Victor phonograph records—now here is your chance to get a record free and, as a special added attraction, autographed by your favorite singer. Just follow the rules—the inspiration is there! Maurice Chevalier and Al Jolson



The Four Mills Brothers

RULES

For SCREENLAND'S Record Contest

1. Select your favorite singer from those mentioned herewith.
2. Write him a letter, not more than 150 words, telling him the reasons why you like him and, if you like, offer constructive criticism. The best letter written each artist will win the prize of his autographed record.
3. In case two letters are considered of equal excellence, the tying contestants will both receive prizes.
4. This contest will close at midnight on the 22nd of June, 1933.
5. Address your letter to Radio Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

muscled in with songs from their pictures, "Love Me Tonight," and "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," respectively, and did I object? Not I; they can muscle in on my record racket any time!

Does the crooning Crosby make you palpitate? Or do you thrill to that grand opera voice of Lawrence Tibbett? Perhaps the hotcha-cha harmony of the Mills Brothers is your meat. Or maybe you're crazy about Arthur Tracy? Anyway, you have your choice of voices—so, pick your man and write that "best" letter!

Radio Jottings:

Do you "Myrt and Marge" fans know the real drama about the ether disappearance of Myrt? She was forced to disappear in her radio skit because she was injured in an (Continued on page 86)



Miss Wieck, as the sympathetic teacher, confronts the tyrannical headmistress in a tense scene from "*Maedchen*," the picture that made Dorothea world-famous.

GIRL *with* "Uniform" Appeal!

Dorothea graduates from Europe to Hollywood, and she's our Wieck-ness now!

By
Mortimer Franklin

"MY NAME is not *Wike*," smiled Dorothea Wieck, doubtless for the hundredth time since her arrival in America. "It is Wieck—*Week*! And I am not a *fraulein*; I am married, you know, a Miss-iss! My husband is Baron Ernst von der Decken, and we have been married already six months."

When "*Maedchen in Uniform*" swept the country, breaking precedents everywhere for foreign film popularity, expectant glances began shooting toward the general direction of Berlin. For, while "*Maedchen*" was a fine, sensitive, heart-reaching story, what contributed largely to its beauty was the exquisite performance given by this same Dorothea Wieck as the gracious, understanding, and hauntingly beautiful young teacher.

And so, by a perfectly logical sequence of events, Dorothea Wieck is now in the United States, about to begin an American picture career under the Paramount banner.

It was the last of her few busy days in New York before departing westward for the Coast that was saved for me to meet Miss Wieck. Managers, liaison men, publicity representatives, photographers and sound gentlemen cluttered up her hotel suite in a manner befitting the visiting star's eminence. She was about to be conducted to a scenic suburban spot on the outskirts of the city to do her first screen acting in America—a short



The fragile beauty of her face and the subtle charm of her acting startled the screen world when "*Maedchen in Uniform*" was released. And now Dorothea Wieck is ready to achieve new artistic heights in Hollywood.

newsreel in which she would be welcomed to this country for celluloid purposes. And through all the helter-skelter of preparation she retained perfect ease and self-possession, conversing untroubledly with the seven or eight men surrounding her singly, in groups, or *en bloc*.

"So many men, and only one woman," she laughed. "Do you not think my English is good? Only thirty lessons I have had so far. No, I did not imagine New York to be like this. In another country you cannot imagine it, no matter how much they tell you—only you must see it for yourself!"

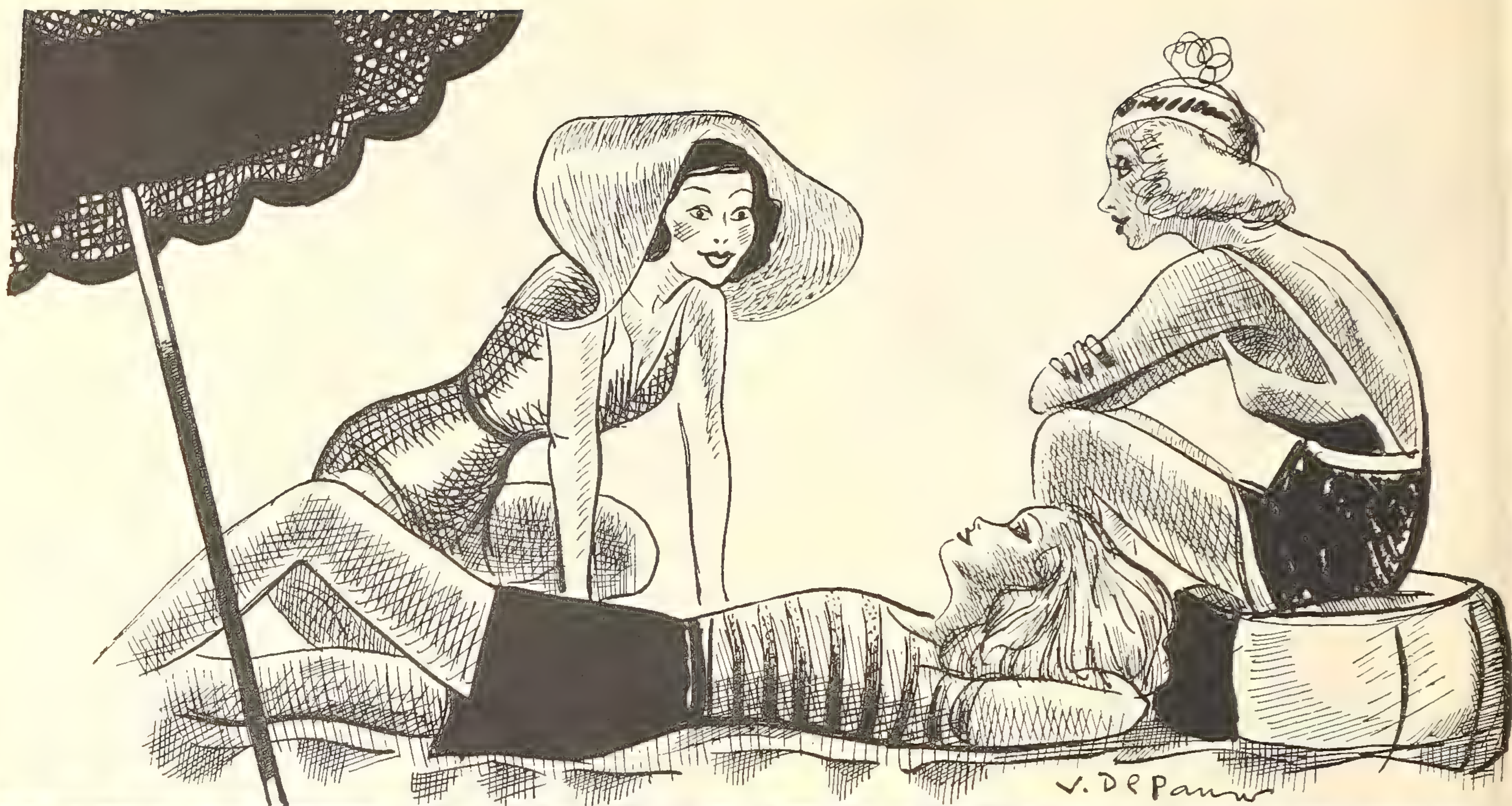
Quite like the lovely instructress of the motion picture is this young woman in appearance—but considerably unlike her in manner. For Miss Wieck betrayed an airy vivaciousness, a friendly good humor, and above all an eager interest in everything going on about her, not easily related to the quiet, almost sphinx-like reserve of her most famous screen incarnation. Her large, very light blue eyes sparkled animatedly as she talked.

Among Miss Wieck's predilections are red-heeled shoes, Garbo, dachshund pups, Chevalier, boiled eggs for breakfast, Jackie Cooper, and the New York theatre. And the greatest of these is the New York theatre.

"Your plays!" she rhapsodized. "They are marvelous! These few days I have been to the theatre twenty times—"

"Seven times," corrected Mr. Gumpel, her manager.

"Twenty times," insisted Miss Wieck. "So many things to see, to hear, it must have been twenty! Which one I liked the best? Ach, (*Continued on page 87*)



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!

HOLLYWOOD was simply a-flutter with the reports that Jean Harlow was married. One report indicated that the platinum queen had wed her Mexican doctor friend in Nogales, Mexico. Another rumor stated that a customs man at Laredo, Texas, was certain Jean is the wife of a Shreveport, La., business man.

Jean has told me that she has every intention of marrying again, and of having children. "But I'm not wed yet," she said, in answer to the current rumors.

THEY tell a funny story about Mae West. When she first read the script of "She Done Him Wrong," the story goes, she flew into a rage. "The bums!" she is said to have screamed, "they've taken all the *charm* out of it!"

MARLENE DIETRICH is nothing if not exciting; if she isn't in the headlines for one thing, she is in for another.

Mar-la-nah was seated in her dressing room one day and saw a smoke pot, (they use 'em for movie fire scenes), blazing outside her window. She decided the studio was on fire, so she personally turned in an alarm.

Fire engines arrived from all parts of the city, because studio conflagrations are generally expensive and hard to conquer. Considerable excitement prevailed and all production ceased for at least a while.

WHEN Ann Harding took her very young daughter, Jane, to the studio, the lass was suddenly missed. A brief search revealed that she had clambered to a runway far up toward the top of the stage. Instead of becoming alarmed, Miss Harding said, "Let her climb. I climbed when I was a child. I'd rather she have a few bruises than plant fear in her mind."

Miss Harding, by the way, plans to leave Hollywood and the movies for at least a year, after she completes two more pictures.



Wide World

A look that speaks encyclopedia-fuls? Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, her favorite escort. Hi, Cupid!

GROUCHO MARX likes to rise in public restaurants and make impromptu (and funny) speeches. Recently a group of friends got together and plotted an unexpected reception to one of Groucho's sudden talks. They waited until Marx chose the Brown Derby in which to speak, and suddenly, from all sides, began chanting: "We want Cantor! We want Cantor!"

STATEMENTS I NEVER EXPECT TO HEAR:

Greta Garbo: "Come in and let's talk."

Peggy Hopkins Joyce: "I don't believe in marriage."

Jack Oakie: "I don't think I'm funny."

THERE are times when names cannot be mentioned, but a certain tempestuous blond star received a 2500-piece jigsaw puzzle from a New Orleans fan. The gift was accompanied by this note: "Hope this keeps you so busy you will stay off the screen."

AVERY funny story, that one Clark Gable tells about himself. When he was a boy, Clark was intrigued by magic tricks and puzzles. He spent most of his money on magician outfits and books.

One day, as Clark tells the story, a famous magician came to town. Of course, young Gable was seated right up front the opening night of the performance, and he was in his seventh heaven of delight when the magician announced a reward of one hundred dollars to any member of the audience who could solve a magic problem. Clark knew the answer (he'd read it in a book), so he won the reward.

"Next night I went to the theatre again," Gable relates. "But the magician must have seen me in the front row, for no reward offer was made. It was a severe blow; I had visions of cashing in again!"

Bright Boys! Gay Girls! Exciting Events! New News!

By
Weston East

JANET GAYNOR has finally achieved the epitome of fame—her name is on the map. Actually, maps published on the Island of Hawaii feature a small dot on the Northeast coast. Beneath that dot appear the words: Home of Janet Gaynor, film star.

ANNOUNCEMENT cards sent out by Edward G. Robinson after the arrival of his son disclosed the youngster, (named Edward G., Jr.), in Gandhi attire. Under the picture were the words: "A First National Production, released March 19th at 2:09 P. M."

DESPITE his voice and love of music, Bing Crosby does not play any musical instrument . . . Johnny Weissmuller was given an honorary lifeguard's badge by Malibu beach officials . . . Ginger Rogers studies the dictionary between scenes; she writes new words and their meanings ten times each . . . The chief product of Joel McCrea's ranch is celery . . . James Cagney rejected a \$1,000-a-day personal appearance offer . . . Hollywood tee-hee-ed because at the moment Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb quarreled, he was recording "Thank Heaven For You" . . . Dorothy Lee now sings nightly at the famous Ambassador Coconut Grove . . . Claudette Colbert is a nice-though-separated wife; she taught husband Norman Foster's cook how to prepare Norm's favorite dishes . . . Gloria Swanson, recently returned to Hollywood after a year abroad, is living in the house she bought when she was a Cecil B. DeMille star.

Extremes meet! Li'l Lilian Harvey and Long Gary Cooper go for a stroll together, while countless unheeded boys and girls grieve at home!



International

Garbo's return! She's a different and a happier Greta, laughing and waving to the waiting crowd as her ship steams into port.



Wide World

WHATEVER may be the reports about the way Joan Crawford managed her separation from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., it cannot be denied that the gal is wise in her way of handling fan clubs.

Joan encourages all fan clubs, and even goes so far as to join, as an honorary member, the clubs of her rivals—even rivals whom she does not like.

One of Joan's clubs in the East found itself handicapped for lack of a method of publishing the monthly club paper. Miss Crawford solved the problem—she purchased a mimeograph machine and gave it to the club president.

And now, if Joan's other clubs demand similar gifts, she will probably comply, for she shrewdly appreciates the value of fan clubs.

NOBODY laughs more heartily than Lilian Harvey at the story, told at her expense, about the Fox film salesman who was extolling the little English star's talents to a small-town theatre owner.

"This girl is a cinch to be a big box-office draw," screamed the salesman. "She can do everything. She dances, sings, plays the piano, swims, races automobiles, walks the tight rope—"

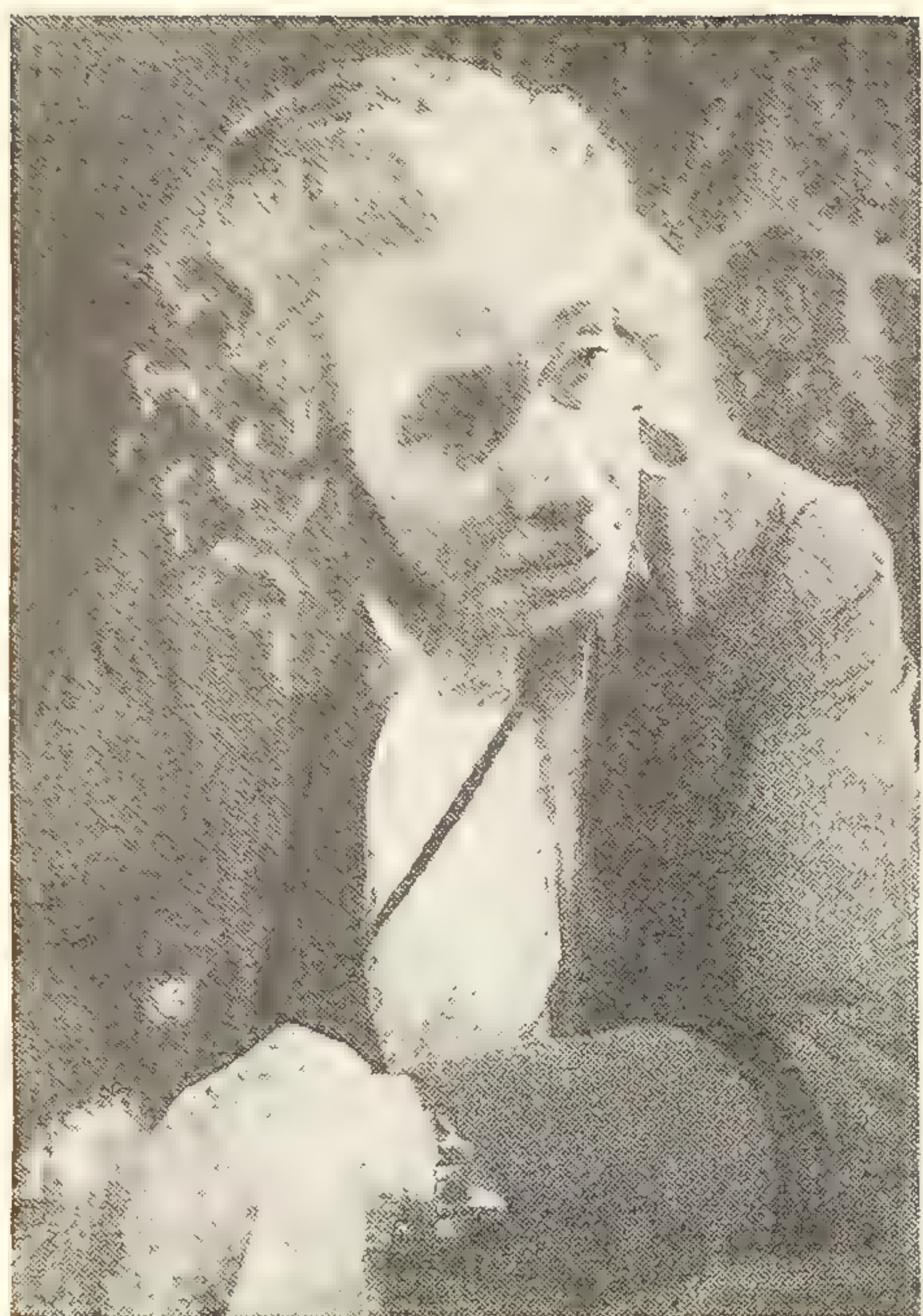
"Yeah," drawled the theatre owner, "but can she act?"

PATRIOTIC Richard Arlen! He re-decorated his formerly Spanish home and it is now Early American . . . Maurice Chevalier went to Europe without paying his telephone bill; he cabled the money . . . Dorothy Wilson's pretty legs owe their nice contours to fifteen minutes of rope-skipping daily . . . Lyle Talbot agreed not to marry before July first in order to secure a "bachelor" interview in a magazine . . . While her jaw was bound following an accident in which it was broken, Mae Clarke "conversed" with pad and pencil . . . Ramon Novarro still keeps a set of seat stubs Charlie Chaplin gave him when Novarro was a theatre usher . . . Anita Louise is an ambitious young lady; she is studying German, French, piano, harp, and dancing . . . Irene Dunne often rises at five in the morning to play nine holes of golf before work . . . Ann Harding is also an "early-morning"; she plays tennis and enjoys a swim before breakfast each morning.



Acme

Tea-hee! Clark Gable, the old wit, tells a funny one to Mrs. Gable, Mrs. T. E. Martin and Leslie Howard at a tea given by Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in their Beverly Hills home.



One guess! Who but George Arliss could bring such realism to a screen portrait of Voltaire?

BEFORE he departed for the East on a trip, Harpo Marx peered into Marlene Dietrich's dressing room and said, "Don't sit on any lighted cigarettes while I'm gone. Remember the old proverb: *Never burn your breeches behind you!*"

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Dick Powell got in bad with his neighbors because he and his friends formed a band and practiced nightly at Dick's home? . . . Mary Brian has legs more perfect than those of Hollywood's most perfect chorus girl? . . . Janet Gaynor, when working, retires *every* night before nine o'clock? . . . Stock girls loaned out by major companies to comedy companies (for experience) are facetiously called *farmerettes*? . . . Spencer Tracy ran out of the theatre the first time he saw himself on the screen? (Frightened?) . . . When Ronald Colman left Hollywood he vowed he would never return? . . . During the height of the fad, there was a bicycle shortage in Hollywood and they couldn't be bought for love nor money? . . . Boots Mallory and Lew Ayres were both banjo players in bands before they became movie actors? . . . Marian Nixon's ex-husband lives in the home they occupied as man-and-wife and he pays Marian \$900 a month rent? . . . James Dunn was once a traveling salesman (and probably knows all those jokes)?

WHATEVER else he may be, Robert Montgomery is a very calm and collected young chap. He was entertaining guests at dinner one night. Interrupting the general conversation, Montgomery sniffed the air.

"Pardon me," he said, rising and bowing, "I believe my house is on fire."

And it was! The roof was burning a merry blaze when Robert investigated. Mrs. Montgomery turned in an alarm, but before the fire department reached the scene Bob had extinguished the blaze with the garden hose.

WHAT these English actors and actresses are doing to old established Hollywood habits is amazing. Four o'clock tea is now a custom observed by most of the stars, and bicycle riding was really started by the English acting colony.

Now Heather Angel is trying to organize a steeplechase and fox hunting club in Hollywood. Not only is she talking the plan; she is also acting, and has already enlisted Will Rogers, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, and other expert horsemen.

Miss Angel's fox hunting scheme will differ from the English sport in that long-eared jack-rabbits will replace the wily fox.



Here's a charming portrait of Sylvia Sidney as Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt."

A GROUP of studio veterans were discussing the shyness of Gary Cooper. In the midst of the discussion, one man remarked that the Cooper of today is a sophisticate when compared to the Gary of a few years ago.

"I was working in a picture titled 'Children of the Rich,'" said this old-timer. "Gary was supposed to make ardent love to Esther Ralston. He took one look at the script and ran off the set. He went straight to the railway station and bought a ticket back to Montana. The director had to stop his picture and send two men to bring Cooper back to the studio."

HERBERT MUNDIN, with and at whom you laughed in "Cavalcade," is discovering that Hollywood "acting" is as much a matter of acrobatics as of histrionics.

Assigned to a new picture, Mundin said to the director, "I'm glad to be finished with that Lilian Harvey cinema. My body is black and blue. What is my first scene in your picture?"

The director smiled grimly and said, "Today you do a head-first fall down that flight of 28 steps."



Wide World

Lew Ayres steps out with Ginger Rogers, lovely red-head.



More pep, Spencer! Can this be the emphatic Mr. Tracy, making love to Colleen Moore in such a cute manner? It's a scene from "The Power and The Glory."



Must be good and funny, whatever it is! Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie are collegiate pals again, in "College Humor." Maybe they've just learned that the dean has the mumps!



Wide World

A world in miniature! This remarkable air photograph of part of the Warner Bros.-First National lot shows graphically how a well-equipped motion picture studio snaps its fingers at time and space. In a tour of the lot one finds a section of a modern battleship, a city street of the 1880 period, a complete baseball field with bleachers, a country estate, an old castle, and so on.

WHEN summer comes, romances flourish in the movie colony. Dan Cupid, wearing the barest thing in bathing attire, frequents Malibu beach and slings his arrows freely.

"Buster" Crabbe signed his wedding license "Clarence L. Crabbe" when he married Adah Virginia Held of Beverly Hills. The ceremony took place in Yuma.

Joan Crawford may still be the wife of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., but he sends her no lovelier daily flowers than Franchot Tone, Alexander Kirkland, and one or two others.

Alice White and Cy Bartlett, lately estranged, are again Hollywood-ing.

Joel McCrea's girl friend is Luana Walters. They make a striking threesome—Joel, Luana, and the Scottie pup he gave her.

Merna Kennedy is wearing an engagement ring given to her by Busby Berkeley, who directs those well-trained movie choruses.

Gary Cooper has escorted Lilian Harvey places, but denies that he furnishes the daily box of orchids she receives.

Another English actress who is doing well is Elizabeth Allan, whose swain seems to be Howard Hughes, millionaire producer.

Janet Gaynor, now divorced, is dividing her time between Lew Ayres and James Dunn. Lew seems equally interested in Ginger Rogers. Dunn—well, his romance with Maureen O'Sullivan seems to be Dunn!

Edward Hillman, Marian Nixon's ex-, is seen about town with Mona Maris, who once was reported engaged to Clarence Brown, the director who recently wed Alice Joyce, who was—this could go on for hours!



Joan Blondell gives the boys a lesson in currency problems as one of the acquisitive maidens in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

BETWEEN pictures, Elissa Landi and her secretary motored away from Hollywood with no particular destination in mind. At dark they stopped driving and put up for the night in an attractive resort hotel. Next morning Miss Landi discovered that she was stopping at the beach hotel operated by the Young Women's Christian Association. She found it so delightful that she remained there more than a week.

DOROTHY WILSON wastes little time when she answers her fan mail. An ex-secretary, Miss Wilson retains her speed at a typewriter, and she finds it faster to type her own answers than to dictate to her own secretary.

MIRIAM JORDAN, one of England's lovely contributions to America's screen, says that the most embarrassing moment of her life occurred when she made application for her first stage job.

Miriam applied to a London showman for a position in the chorus of his show. He decided that she was beautiful enough, but more than beauty was necessary for stage work.

"Can you do the split?" he asked.

"I had never attempted that feat," Miss Jordan says, "but I wanted the job, so I told him I could do the split. He told me to demonstrate, and I did. But when I got down, I couldn't get up. There I sat, or lay, or whatever is the position one assumes when doing the split, until the producer tired of laughing and raised me to my feet again."



The films' most famous "sister team" gives the cameramen a break! Joan of the Bennetts is prim and demure; Connie smiles genially. Connie's next film is "Bed of Roses," with Joel McCrea.

WHEN popularity contests are staged by newspapers, magazines or organizations throughout the country, Janet Gaynor's name may usually be found heading the list, or in one of the first three places.

However, her overwhelming majority of popularity votes in the contest staged by the National Girl Scouts is so amazing that even the most loyal Gaynor boosters are still gasping. Of the total of more than 300,000 votes cast, Janet polled a few more than 151,000. Her nearest competitor received only 37,000 votes.

This astounding contest-result indicates that Miss Gaynor is sharing with Mary Pickford the love of American young womanhood.

MY VOTE for the least conceited girl in Hollywood goes without equivocation to Jean Harlow. She rarely talks about herself in public. When she does, it is usually to make herself the butt of a joke.

Jean visited the Coconut Grove one recent evening and she was so dazzlingly beautiful that even the orchestra ceased playing to gasp. Compliments overwhelmed her, until she laughingly told her friends to ask her new butler how she looks at home.

"He came to my room this morning for orders," Jean said. "There I sat with my hair in curling pins and my face buried under cold cream. He took one look at me and fled from the room!"

"BABE" Hardy and Stan Laurel are members of the same golf-bridge club, and daily, after their golf, they sit with other members for a few rubbers of bridge. Like most club games, those in which Hardy and Laurel participate are "open"; that is, by knocking on the table, a member may signify his intention of "cutting into the game."

Such a "cutter-in" rapped the table one day recently. Hardy barely glanced up as he remarked: "I'm getting out after this rubber and two of you can get in."

THE reason foreign actors experience such difficulty in mastering the English language, according to Ramon Novarro, is that the voice rhythm is so different, and not merely the pronunciation of words.

"An American, greeting a friend, says 'How are you?'" Ramon explains. "After a score of years in the United States I pronounce my English words perfectly, I believe, but my rhythm remains Spanish. When I greet a friend, I say, 'How are you?'"

WHEN Dick Powell left Hollywood to drive to the home of his parents in Arkansas, he figured he could make the trip in three days because his father, age eighty-two years, drove it in four days.

But Dick took five days—and what do you make of that?

BELATED earthquake stories continue to pop out of studio corners, even though the California shake is now almost forgotten. One anecdote concerns Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier.

According to bystanders, when the most severe shock juggled the studios, Marlene raced to Chevalier and threw her arms around his neck. "Maurice, darling!" she cried. "If we die, at least we die together!"

A NEW place to stop-off when the stars go abroad is Egypt. All because Ann Dvorak, who recently returned to Hollywood, recommends the Sahara desert for a real skin-tan.

When she arrived at the studios Miss Dvorak had a coat of tan that made other ladies turn positively sea-green with envy. Ann said she acquired the coloring on the Sahara and heightened it on her long ocean voyage.

Incidentally, I told you several months ago that the Dvorak-sensation had ironed out her contractual troubles with the studios. That is true and she will soon be on the screen again.

(Continued on page 90)



Diana Wynyard and John Barrymore relax on the set of "Reunion in Vienna," picturization of the Theatre Guild play in which they are co-starred. Jack plays a swashbuckling ex-Arch-duke—a rôle after the Barrymore heart.



DIP YOUR COMB

in this big
VENIDA bottle

Don't use water. It dries the hair!
Don't use sticky, gummy lotions. They leave powdery flakes! Dip your comb in this delightfully thin VENIDA WAVESET, comb it through the hair, and it will train your hair in waves... and then keep those waves in place.

Until you use the new Venida Waveset you won't know how beautifully wavy your hair can really be. It dries in half the time... it is non-greasy, simple to use, and pleasantly fragrant... leaves no powdery flakes on hair or scalp.

Best of all Venida Waveset is so economical that you should have it as part of your daily beauty makeup! The 50c size is featured by drug and department stores... introductory bottle by all good 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

FREE OFFER: If your store does not yet stock, mail in 50c for the large 16-oz. bottle of Venida Waveset, and we will send you absolutely **FREE** the regular 25c Venida Waveset Comb.

ALL YOU NEED FOR CURLS AND WAVES

- ★ Non-Greasy
- ★ Non-Sticky
- ★ Dries Quickly
- ★ Leaves No Flakes
- ★ Very Economical

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WAVESET
Remember — Venida Rules the Waves!

The Rieser Co., Inc.
Dept. SM.
119 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find 50c in cash () or stamps ().
Send me large 16-oz. bottle Venida Waveset
and the Venida Waveset Comb free.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

S U R F S U I T S F O R 1 9 3 3

Up from the gay Southern resorts come these lovely new Surf Suits by B.V. D. • Each glamorous model—fashionable as the latest Paris evening gown—reflects the smart line, the exquisite blending of colors, the expert designing of couturier genius. • The new B.V. D. Pampered Wool, the softest bathing suit

worsted you've ever put your hand to; the subtle blending of Lastex with B.V. D.'s fine yarns; the new B.V. D. Tweed Knit—are but three fabrics in a realm of gorgeous materials. • Write us for the name of the smart shop in your town where you may see them. The B.V. D. Co. Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y. C.

B.V.D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SURF SUITS

LEFT: The Brassette—Swim and sun in perfect style in this smartest and least revealing of brassiere swim suits. The ingenious back strap prevents tugging at the waist and unties to assure an even suntan. ★

CENTER: The Cabana—Careful designing gives a beauty of cut and fit second to none in this Perl-Knit suit. The deeply rounded back points up to straps in contrasting color that tie jauntily on the shoulders. ★

RIGHT: The Bolero—A triangle of brightly harmonizing stripes is inserted vestee-fashion in this becomingly backless suit. And its many smart colors—whether gay and daring or subdued—flatter sun-bronzed skin.



LEFT: The Sun Tan—A high, fitted waist, and supple Ripple-Knit with Lastex, give this suit its slender silhouette. The contrasting adjustable strap slips through metal rings in back and ties piquantly on one shoulder. ★

RIGHT: The Sea Nymph—No wonder the simplest of unadorned lines are perennially smart in swim suits when B.V.D. does them so well. This low-back model comes in new and flattering colors.



“Roll your own away . . .”

GETTING down to brass tacks in the summer (and, more specifically, bronze skins), seems to put a new color on things. Ladies flaunt lipsticks less pinkish and more orangish in tone. Light powders get a set-back on the shelf, and a dark sister steps up and out. Hair even has a fling or two, dipping the light fantastic. And as for clothes—well! Colors—the you-never-thought-you-could-wear-them kind—seem just too irresistible for words! especially those gay, new prints.

There's one new lipstick that I'm sure is going to take this summer. That's *Tattoo*. And the name and the shades are both in tune with Hollywood's passion for barbaric, jungle pictures. — This lipstick reminds me of “The Panther Woman”—it's that exotic, and the colors are primitive and exciting. A touch of *Tattoo* on your lips and you can hear the tom-toms beating. Or maybe it's just the pitter-pat of your dancing partner's heart—I don't know. Anyway, this lipstick does do things. And the container is cute as Christmas, with tiny etched hula-hulish girls dancing all around it. Four shades: Coral, Exotic, Natural and Pastel. And as permanent and indelible as a lipstick can be!

When it comes to powders, Coty gives us our choice of three lovely sun-tan shades—Coty-tan, Ochre and Ochre-tan—depending on the depth and tone of the tan. Some of us still keep a sort of rose glow in spite of our turning bronze. We should select our powder with an eye for these varying tints—for there's nothing worse than a sun-tan shade of powder that isn't just right. So don't rush the season and try to jump from light to dark all of a sudden. You may need several shades of powder to keep step with your skin as the summer progresses.

If hair is going to hold its own this summer, it, too, must have just a touch of color to vie with summer sunshine. And if

Femi-nifties

Facts and fancies about cosmetics—and a note on summer sundries!

By Katharine Hartley



“... you can hear the tom-toms beating.”

you're the kind that doesn't go in for dyes—well, you can keep your conscience clear and your hair lovely with Golden Glint Shampoo. Each package contains the shampoo and also a “tiny tint” to use in your rinse. It's not a bleach, but it will bring out the highlights in your hair. You've caught the glow and the gleam in many a movie star's hair, and it's not always Kleig lights, either! Golden Glint Shampoo is a favorite in Hollywood.

With the first giddy rush of spring or summer, we begin to think more than ever about permanent waves. What with dipping in and out of the sea, dashing madly about on tennis courts, letting the wind race through our hair as we drive along, the sleek finger wave isn't sleek or well-behaved very long. So the answer seems to be permanents—and thousands of us make a dash to the nearest permanent waving establishment and order one permanent, please, done medium and rushed!



“One permanent, please . . . done medium . . . and rushed!”

But there's more to it than that. You know how you “can't do a thing with your hair” those first few days A.P., (after permanent)? Well, try this. A bit of Per-mola on your fingers, smoothed over your hair, then carefully combed through. It's a cream, and not only adds a gloss and a gleam, but it keeps the hair from flying, and takes away the dead, frizzy look. And it counteracts the drying effect of the permanent, too.

But with all this summer excitement comes a startling discovery. The old figure very probably “ain't what she used to be.” We could pretty well hide those extra pounds under a fluttering spring coat. But what are we going to do about it in a thin sheaf of a sleeveless, backless gown? Or in a bathing suit, for that matter?



“‘X’ will surely mark that spot out.”

Well, there are several things that can be done. Dieting and exercises, and all that. Personally, I think I'd take to some (Continued on page 83)

"M. D."!

Continued from page 51

most child-like in their fun and simplicity.

Marion has been unanimously named Hollywood's perfect hostess. Her life is one continual round of entertaining. Never does she eat dinner alone. She loves people around her. Her secret of entertaining is a simple one: Let the guests entertain themselves. Never does she try to arrange any activities for them. The house, the pool, the tennis courts, the garden are theirs. Each guest can enjoy them in his or her own way. And Marion, unlike so many less skillful hostesses, enjoys herself, too, because she is under no strain of trying to entertain.

When Marion is at home, she wears pajamas always. Flannel sports affairs during the day, more formal satin or velvet in the evening. She has a closet filled with pajamas, because all her friends, knowing her liking for them, send them to her as gifts.

She doesn't like negligees or elaborate lounging robes, because she rarely lounges. Marion cannot stand inactivity. No breakfasts in bed and long lazy mornings for "M.D." She is up and dressed in pajamas and at the breakfast table before any of her guests are stirring.

And she doesn't own a single pair of satin mules or fancy boudoir slippers. Through the years Marion has remained true to the comfy slippers of her childhood days. She wears one favorite pair until it is dilapidated and until her maid in desperation throws it away, putting a new pair in its place.

Marion, being ultra-feminine, likes clothes but is not clothes-crazy. She shops spasmodically, her favorite method being to select frantically in the afternoon the gown she is to wear that night to some special affair. She has no favorite shops, going to different places at different times. And,

because she is a confirmed last-minute buyer, she has many things sent out to the house for her selection—to save time.

Her three pet aversions are writing letters, talking on the telephone—and horses!

"When I was very small, I used to be able to write fairly well," she said, explaining the first aversion. "Then I went to another school and learned the free-arm movement or whatever you call it. I never was very good at it and the result is that my handwriting is almost unreadable. And, whenever I start to write anything, I always sit in fear of a rap across my knuckles from a ruler, a memory left over from those old days when I was trying so unsuccessfully to learn that free-arm movement."

Talking on the 'phone makes her nervous, for some unaccountable reason. Marion and her good friend, Charlie Chaplin, share this aversion. Marion will concoct an excuse to postpone answering the phone or making even necessary calls.

"And I'm scared to death of horses," she explained, "When I was a little girl a runaway horse, a white one, came galloping down the sidewalk straight toward me. And, when I was about thirteen, I was riding on a hay-wagon in the country when the horses bolted, throwing me and breaking the end of my spine. I like to look at horses and admire them from a distance but I am frightened out of my wits when I get near them."

One of the worst days of her life, Marion confessed, was one day when she took pictures for the publicity department, wearing a riding habit and posing with a horse. But she made herself do it. She is stubborn that way. Marion may be easy with everyone in the world. But she's hard with herself.

She loves fire engines and fires and

never misses one if she knows about it.

"One of the lucky breaks of my life was that I just happened to be riding down Sunset Boulevard when Charlie Chaplin's old studio caught fire," she grinned with that Irish twinkle in her blue eyes. "I was almost the first one on the spot and didn't miss a bit of it."

Marion and her family have always been very close in affection and understanding. Her mother died several years ago, but her father, Judge Douras, a retired New York magistrate, is in California, living with her sisters, Renée and Ethel, in a home in Beverly Hills. Her third sister, Rose, is in Europe at the present time.

The Judge dropped in for a few minutes that afternoon at the beach house. No day passes that Marion does not see her father. She greeted him, not so much as a respected parent, but as a beloved friend, giving him sandwiches and tea and a kiss at one and the same time. Seeing her father, anyone can understand whence come the famous Davies wit and the twinkle in the eyes.

Friendship is almost a religion with Marion. Never in all her life has she forgotten or failed a friend. And, with her ability for making new friends as time goes on, she still clings to the friendships of the old days before success and money and big white beach houses were a part of her life. Two of her very closest friends are Eileen Percy and Justine Johnstone, who knew her as a child in Brooklyn and as a girl in the chorus of the "Follies" and other Broadway musical comedies.

There is nothing Marion loves better than to get a gang of the girls together on cushions in front of a fire and gossip.

"I believe that every woman loves to gossip," she laughed, pouring another cup of tea and settling back on her cushion. "I don't mean malicious slander. But just newsy tidbits. It's the thrill of being the first to know and tell something new about someone or something. It gives you a great feeling of importance to know a bit of gossip which the others haven't heard and to be able to be the first to spring it."

And she likes to "reminisce." She'll spend hours with old acquaintances, living over the days in New York when she was posing for Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher and working like a fiend to perfect her dancing to reach the front row of the chorus.

Her eating habits are really atrocious. She drinks iced tea regularly for breakfast, winter, and summer. And she will eat welsh rarebit at any hour of the day or night. She follows no diet of any kind.

She admits that two of her bad habits are being unable to say "no" emphatically and being stubborn.

"I'll always agree with what people ask or say," she said, twisting her face into a perfect imitation of a yes-smile, "and I'm no good at all at getting myself gracefully out of things, once I have put my foot in them. I'll make engagements, because I'm too sappy to say 'no' in the beginning, and then have to go through with them because I don't know how to get out of them."

So Marion has protected herself as much as possible from her own weakness by employing a secretary, efficient and business-like, who has no hesitancy about the use of the word "no."

And Marion admits that her stubbornness makes her do things deliberately when someone says she can't or she shouldn't.



New movie star adorns the firmament! Here's the versatile Walter Winchell, America's star reporter and columnist, appearing in one of his popular movie shorts, "Beauty on Broadway." The girl at the right is your little friend Sally O'Neill.

Her maid used to call her in the mornings to get her up in time to report to the Metro studios.

"But, when she would knock at the door and say, 'Time to get up, Miss Davies,' I'd turn over and go back to sleep again, out of sheer stubbornness," Marion grinned. "So now I wake myself up and get up. If I'm late it's my own fool fault. No one else is to blame."

That Irish stubbornness goes with the twinkle and the sense of humor.

Marion's two wishes are that she had sleek dark hair, which could be pulled smartly and smoothly back from her face, like Norma Shearer's or Kay Francis'; and that she could think of smart answers at the right time.

"I always say something dumb or inane when someone makes a remark calling for a quick answer," she explained, "and then about two hours after, a brilliant and witty reply comes to my mind and I feel like hitting myself for not having thought of it at the time."

Marion refuses to be depressed or worried. If she feels a mood of that kind coming on, she throws herself into activity or into conversation and forgets it. When she's mad, she cries instead of flying into any kind of anger. She wishes that she could get up and make a fuss now and then. But she can't.

And she is the prize match-maker of Hollywood. She loves to bring people together and promote love affairs. She is responsible for more than one Hollywood matrimonial venture. She confessed that she used the old tricks of inviting them frequently to her home at the same time, of going first to one and then to the other, telling each that the other "is crazy about you," seating them together at dinner and bridge tables.

"But I don't do much Cupid-playing any more," she admitted. "Some of my little schemes didn't pan out so well! So I decided that I'd better keep my finger out of the pie."

The whole world knows about the Marion Davies charities: the annual Christmas party for two thousand children, when each child is given real toys and a complete Christmas dinner; her clinic at Sawtelle; her foundling home in New York. But, of her constant and almost unbelievable personal and individual charities, very little is said.

Only that afternoon a girl, who was about to become a mother, rang the bell at the gate of the Davies beach house to ask for information regarding Marion's clinic and hospital. Marion, hearing the conversation, went down to investigate. The girl told a pathetic story of poverty and hopelessness. Marion brought her inside the high white walls, gave her a warm meal, completely outfitted her with clothing from her own wardrobe, except shoes which would not fit and which had to be borrowed from one of the maids, made all financial arrangements for her care at a Santa Monica hospital, because Marion's own clinic treats only children, and sent her to the hospital in her own car.

That is only one of dozens of similar cases. Marion never talks about them. Only occasionally does someone happen to hear of them from some other source.

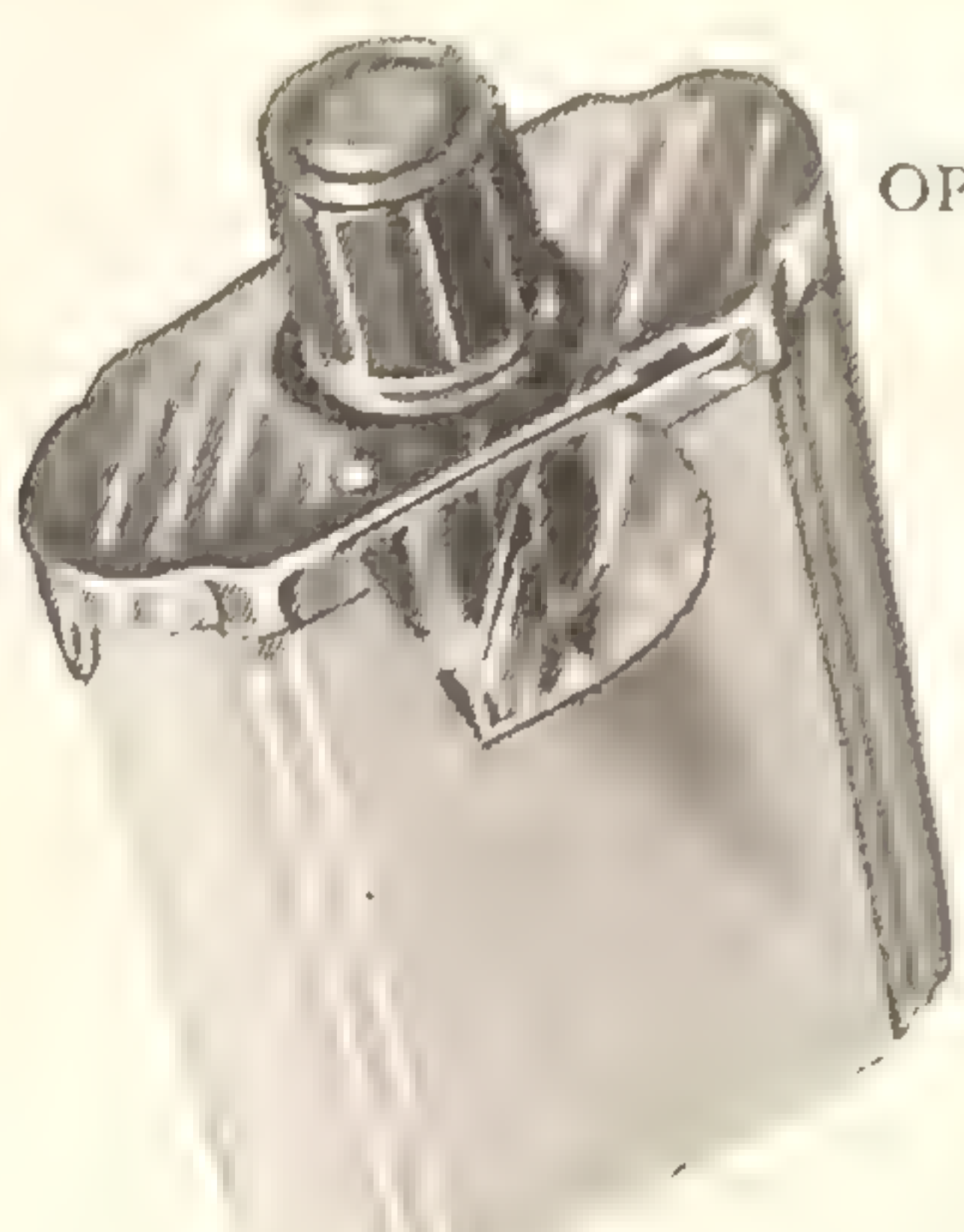
The pretty blonde girl I saw that afternoon, in her red pajamas, that girl with the twinkle in her eyes, the gay talk and the complete lack of any affectation—not to speak of an almost uncanny ability to mimic anyone and everyone whom she has ever met—is the real Marion Davies.

She may be a screen star. She may be Hollywood's perfect hostess. She may be a glamorous figure glimpsed in theatres and shops. But, most of all, she is "M.D.," a grand girl!



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Beginning Robinson's Life Story

Continued from page 25

"Say," he petitioned, "why don't you give me those glasses? An old man like me ought to wear glasses. Probably I couldn't see without them."

No sooner said than done. The effect was superb. But as the play progressed, the glasses turned definitely from an asset to a liability. They showed a distressing tendency to slither down Eddie's perspiring nose, to climb over the edges of his ears, to get into his way generally. His big emotional scene was about to break. He reached a momentous decision. Sweeping the glasses from his nose, he flung them to the table in a gesture of which any old gentleman of sixty might have been proud. Then he sailed into his scene—he ranted and railed and stormed, he stamped his foot and he thumped his fist—and in his artistic abandon thumped five priceless dollars worth of glasses into smithereens. It was the first—and not the smallest—catastrophe of his dramatic career.

He was graduated from elementary school into high school—from recitations to dramatic clubs and declamation societies. He was in constant demand for debates, and captured one medal after another.

"You ought to be an actor, Eddie," he was told now more frequently, more seriously. Still he only smiled. Still he kept his own counsel. Nobody knew he was spending every spare moment down at the old Astor Library, educating himself in the drama. He read every play he could lay his hands on, classic and modern, domestic and—having an aptitude for languages—foreign. He pored over Shaw's prefaces, over histories of dramatic art, over the lives of Betterton and Burbage, of Garrick and Booth. He'd made up his mind to find out what it was all about—what lay beneath the surface of make-up and mimicry to produce a great actor.

He thirsted for knowledge, and with rare intelligence he went about slaking his thirst.

The only thing he didn't do was talk about it. What was the use of babbling? It might all come to nothing. What was the use of distressing his parents? They'd set their hearts on his being a lawyer—member of an honorable profession. To them an actor was something between a hobo and a curiously colored animal—interesting to look at in a zoo, but nothing you'd care to find around the home. His father would have been amazed to be told that Eddie's passion for the theatre may have come direct from him. Yes, he liked seeing plays. Yes, he'd come home and mimic the actors to such perfection as would send his friends into roars of hysterical mirth. But was that a reason for his son to go on the stage? Nonsense! No, thought Eddie, no use talking about it till he'd made up his mind to do it.

He made up his mind quietly but finally when he was half way through college. He decided he'd had enough education to be able to go on educating himself. He decided he might as well get started on his life's work. With a letter from one of his professors, he presented himself to Mr. Sargent, head of what was then known as the Sargent School, now the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Mr. Sargent eyed him. He asked a few questions. He handed him a booklet, with two or three selections marked.

"Learn these," he said, turning away, "and come back sometime later."

"I know them," replied Eddie steadily.

"All right," snapped Sargent. "Do something."

Eddie did "The Bells." Then he did the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar." Then he stopped.

Sargent was eyeing him again, but differently this time.

"I understand you can't afford to pay my fees," he said.

Eddie nodded. There was a pause—brief in time, an eternity to the young man's dizzily whirling mind, through which Sargent's face, a misty blur, advanced and retreated and turned fantastic somersaults. Suddenly five beautiful words pierced the confusion. "I'll give you a scholarship," Sargent said.

He walked the streets till his head had cleared. Then he went home to break the news to his parents.

"I'm quitting college," he told them. "I'm going to dramatic school."

He hadn't underestimated the effect of the blow. They turned on him faces stricken with incredulity. But once convinced he was serious, they didn't make a fuss. To them he was selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Yet they knew he was not a boy to reach important decisions lightly. They disagreed with their son, but they respected him.

"It's your business," said his father, as he watched his dream of a dignified jurist go glimmering. "You know best what you want to do."

"As I look back," says Mr. Robinson in tribute today, "I take off my hat to them. In their place, I'd never have had that much good sense. I'm sure I'd have raised the devil."

For a year and a half he toiled and sweated and suffered at the Sargent School—and gloried in every minute. "In my opinion," he said, his face lighting up, "Charles Jehlinger is probably the best teacher the world ever produced. I can't estimate the debt I owe him. But he had a tongue that could cut through an elephant's hide. And mine wasn't as tough then as it's grown since!"

The climax came when, in his senior term, he was cast for the rôle of *Consul Bernick* in Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," an incredibly difficult rôle for a boy of his age. Days of rehearsal, days of superhuman effort and strain, days of incessant razzing. One afternoon they'd gone over the same scene a dozen times. Eddie was limp and exhausted. "If he tells me to do it again," he thought savagely, "I'll bust him one."

"Why don't you stop showing off?" came Mr. Jehlinger's clear voice from the auditorium. "You're not here to put on an act for Eddie Robinson. You're supposed to be playing a man named *Consul Bernick*."

Eddie's nerves snapped. He stopped in his tracks, glaring out of bloodshot eyes. "To hell with *Consul Bernick*!" he yelled. "What do I know about *Consul Bernick*? What do I care about *Consul Bernick*? To hell with him and the play and the whole damn business!" and strode off the stage.

Mr. Jehlinger found him bowed in despair among the back-stage clutter.

"That's fine, Eddie," he said. "That was a good scene. Now go on back, and try it over again!"

Eddie scored a personal triumph at the opening night. His mother and father sat watching with glowing pride. And Rudolph Schildkraut, whose son Joseph was appearing in the same play, went away raving about the performance of one Eddie Robinson.

But a dramatic school triumph is one thing, and finding a job is something else



Two eminent Romeos talk "shop." Bob Montgomery, exponent of suave romance, and Clark Gable, your favorite he-man lover, go into a huddle on the Metro lot. Bob is in "Hell Below," and Gable will co-star with Jean Harlow in "Black Orange Blossoms."

again. The weary trotting from office to office is a tale too often told to bear repeating. "And me," says Mr. Robinson, with his genial smile, "—twice handicapped, with my size and my funny face!"

He finally did land a job—as stage manager. And then another, as utility man in Cincinnati stock—where he played all kinds of parts, gained all kinds of experience, and won all kinds of popularity—in Cincinnati. The outbreak of war found him stranded in Canada with a road company of "Kismet." Back to New York, to the "Nothing doing" of agents and managers, to the heart-sick waiting for a telephone bell to ring.

Under this drip, drip, drip of discouragement, his resolution began to soften. "This is no job for a man," he growled to himself. "Better quit while you're young enough to start something else—something you can make a living at. Then," he added grimly, "you can join a dramatic club on the side."

So he put his dream in his pocket and started looking for something else. And then—as such things happen—the telephone rang one day, and an agent's voice at the other end was inquiring: "Know some French, don't you, Robinson?"

And because Robinson knew some French, he was doubled as a Frenchman and a Belgian in Roi Cooper Megrue's "Under Fire." And when it was discovered that Robinson also knew some German, and could talk an excellent Cockney dialect, he was generously permitted to play two additional parts. "They called me The League of Nations," he grins today. And he played the whole League for the lordly sum of \$30 a week.

But when the play clicked in try-out and was headed for Broadway, the "League of Nations" struck for a real salary and got it. And to make the happy ending complete, Broadway liked the play, liked Robinson, and supported them in style for a year.

In such excellent style that Selwyn, the producer, offered to put Robinson under a long-term contract. In such excellent style that Robinson refused. He preferred being a free agent. He was acquiring a reputation for extraordinary versatility. He was having no difficulty in finding engagements—Broadway engagements.

But when Selwyn—having formed with Sam Goldfish the Goldwyn Motion Picture company—asked Robinson to play in "Fields of Glory," their first production, he agreed at once. This would be a new experience—and experience in every field of the drama was what he wanted.

"And experience," says Edward G. Robinson with a gleam in his eye, "is what I got! I felt like a bleating goat. Standing there—grimacing, gesticulating, babbling the first senseless words that came into your head—I couldn't make it out. I was scared stiff. I begged them to let me off. 'You'll feel better tomorrow,' they told me. I felt worse. The third day Mr. Goldfish paid us a call.

"I'm rotten," I told him. "I can't do this stuff. I want to be released."

"Let's see," suggested Mr. Goldfish.

Robinson went through a scene under the producer's judicial eye.

When he'd finished, "You're right," said Goldfish calmly. "You're not the type. We'll let you out."

"And then," Mr. Robinson chuckles. "I suffered. Lord, how I suffered! I'd been hoping all along—only half consciously, maybe—that he'd tell me I was great. And he called my bluff. It was my first great failure. And it laid me flat. I was so utterly discouraged, so disgusted with myself," added the Little Caesar of a later day, "that I raised my hand and swore a solemn oath that never again, as long as I lived, would I set foot on a motion picture lot."

But later on we'll tell you just how long Robinson adhered to his oath!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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skin brings her admirers
and romance.



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Continued from page 29

that gained her her present position.

Since Miss Bucknall came to M-G-M, magazine subscriptions for the research department have risen from 7 to 350 a month. Important journals of every land record contemporary history for future film productions.

"My rule is 'Never answer offhand,'" says Miss Bucknall. "I find out who asks and why he asks and see that he gets the answer that will help him. If it is the wardrobe department that inquires about hats, they want to know how they were made; the make-up department wants to know how they were worn, because of coiffures; and so on.

"People say: 'Oh, why worry about exact detail? Nobody knows any better!' But the idea is to educate people into knowing better.

"It is heartening to go on the set for 'Looking Forward,' because everything is so right. Actors, sets, properties, clothes, detail. Incorrect detail reaches an audience subconsciously. They know something is wrong even if they don't know what it is.

"When they were making John Gilbert's 'Way for a Sailor,' the director wanted John to take a fifteen-minute walk and arrive at a beautiful seacoast, because he wanted to use a location on the sea. The scene was London and we explained that no one could walk for fifteen minutes from any point in London and reach the sea. But that was what he wanted, and that

was what he had. I must say, no one seemed to care!

"We are in the business of entertainment and we must take license sometimes, but we try to have the atmosphere correct.

"Just as in a caricature you get only the salient points of features, so on some sets if you get in salient points, it will pass. For an English street a big scarlet letter box and two bobbies dressed properly give the right atmosphere. For a city in this country, electric signals will strike the note. Draw attention to some special well-known thing and the scene gets by.

"For 'Reunion in Vienna,' they asked me what kind of trees grow in Vienna. Lime trees, of course. For the short scene needed, we simply took our old New York street, put railings around the houses, as is done in Vienna, and planted lime trees in front of the houses.

"For a picture laid in Georgian England, they asked: 'Did they use steel needles in 1740?' Yes, they did; but they bought them loose, not done up in packets. What type of baby carriages did they have? None. The nurse carried the child.

"I find the German magazines invaluable for our fantastic files. You see, we keep files on everything—from railway stations to automatic writings; from royalty to posters used in advertising beer.

"When we made our picture of the future, laid in 1940, we used the imaginative drawings of aerodromes on housetops, dwellings of the future, fashions and furni-

ture, all from sketches in German magazines.

"The art director thought he would stump me with a request for Robots to be used in a Robot ballet, but I had a file of Robots from German magazines.

"I was almost caught once by a question as to what type lock was on Cleopatra's jewel box; but I found out that there were no locks in those days. They used a round knob that pressed in.

"For 'Looking Forward' they asked me what messenger girls in British shops wore. There was no time to send for pictures of these girls, who are not photographed as a rule. My recollection was that they wore dark dresses with little white aprons bearing the insignia of the shop, or dark uniforms with white collars and cuffs. I checked with the English players on the lot and they agreed with me, so I gave the company the information. But later I got pictures of the girls to prove that what I had said was true."

Miss Bucknall is so much in earnest about her job that when she visited France in 1928, she had herself arrested and put in prison for a night in order that she might observe at first hand what happened to a girl who fell foul of French law!

"I am a Russian and I had experience of Russian jails at the time of the revolution," observed Miss Bucknall, "but we needed to know about French procedure, so I got our consul to arrange my arrest.

"I like to be certain of facts. 'Night Flight' is a picture we're about to make, so they sent me the English translation, but I got the French one also because it contains more detail. I must find out what type of telephone exchange they used, what uniforms they wore, and what were their customs."

Diplomacy, as well as daring, is an attribute of M-G-M's research captain.

There are directors who won't admit they don't know everything, so that many of their sets, costumes, properties, etc., are wrong. Does Miss Bucknall point out these facts to the gentlemen? Oh, no!

"I always infer that no mistake could possibly be his," she confided. "I say: 'Mr. Blank, I thought this was to be done as you wanted it, but someone seems to have slipped. You don't want that French chair on this Italian set, do you? Or didn't you say this was to be kept strictly Georgian? I see they've given you a Victorian table service.'"

"It always works!"

"The Barrymores are interested in all suggestions made them and are always eager to cooperate. When we made 'Rasputin' they were anxious that everything should be right. Make-up, clothes, jewels, gestures—they studied everything I could find for them. Of course, being Russian myself, I knew some things of my own knowledge, and because I knew, I found Rene Fulop-Miller's book, 'The Holy Devil,' the best authority.

"Greta Garbo read every book available before she made 'Mata Hari'—German, Spanish, and Dutch accounts of the woman as well as our English versions.

"One of the most interesting quests I ever had was for that picture. You remember that Mata Hari danced before a huge idol that had many hands? The art department wanted to make those hands expressive of varied emotions. The actual model of the idol did not give this, so we searched through 300 books and magazines



The come-back of the month! Buddy Rogers returns to the screen after a long absence in "Five Cents a Glass," co-starring with Marian Nixon. Is Buddy's more-than-three-point-two attitude toward Marian confined solely to the screen?

to find pictures of statues or paintings of hands that expressed emotion. I enjoyed that.

"Helen Hayes fairly haunts us when she is to make a picture. For 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' she looked through our files of old hags and borrowed eighteen cards to make up by. For 'The Son-Daughter,' she went through our files on Chinese clothes, hair, customs, behavior, walks, ways of holding hands, etc. She was always here discussing why Chinese girls wore this, why they walked thus, what they would do on certain fête days. Helen always knows what she's doing and why."

Criticism of pictures is not always just.

Gladys Percey, head of Paramount's research department, remembers that a well-known women's organization protested that bunting was improperly hung in a scene of a ship launching.

"The scene was made at the Bethlehem Ship Yards where many ships have been launched," said Miss Percey, "and we left the bunting to the ship yards people, so it was their fault if it was wrong."

"In 'The Conquering Horde,' we had a complaint that cattle crossed the river the wrong way—from Texas into Kansas instead of westward. It seems impossible that anyone could tell.

"Sometimes the critic is right. In 'The Alaskan,' we knew as well as anyone that the heroine would have worn a Mother Hubbard, but what heroine could look alluring in such a garment? So she wore doeskins.

"In 'The Sign of the Cross,' Mr. DeMille insisted on the costumes his characters wore because he thought them picturesque and interesting and because they gave the feeling he wanted. Actually, costumes of that time were much heavier.

"Other details of the picture were correct, however. Latin teachers worked on the signs used and we had unimpeachable authority for everything but the palace. No picture exists of the actual palace so we had to devise one from descriptions of those who saw it at that period or earlier.

"In a Ruth Chatterton picture laid in England, we had the technical help of Auriol Lee, a well-known English actress, who also played the part of charwoman in the film. English critics were unanimous in saying there are no charwomen like hers in England, that she was badly over-played and typically American!

"The most frequent query we get is: On which arm does the bride come down the aisle? Formerly she came down on the left arm of the groom, but today unless it is a military wedding, she simply turns around at the altar and comes down on the right arm.

"French and English etiquette books give much information, but for other countries it is hard to find out small points, such as what they eat for breakfast in Holland. On first thought, I'd have said 'Coffee'—but the answer is tea, toast, and some light dish of eggs or bacon, etc. We have a Dutch count on the lot, who supplied this information.

"In pony express times, the rider used to sound his horn before he reached a town so that fresh horses could be made ready for him. Mr. Cruze needed the tune the rider played on the horn, but there was no record of it anywhere. At last Louise Platt Hauck, a writer of St. Joseph, Mo., found an old blind man who remembered the air and played it with one finger. She took it down and sent it to us.

"As to how to make an owl hoot, that's one question I've never answered. I suppose it must be dark before the birds are willing to hoot, because we had to get a man to do it!"

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Suspense

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Jump them ahead? *Impossible!* So you wait and worry. A victim of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . that gnawing FEAR which usually starts with a minor feminine disorder . . . that taxing FEAR which sometimes brings on a major physical collapse.

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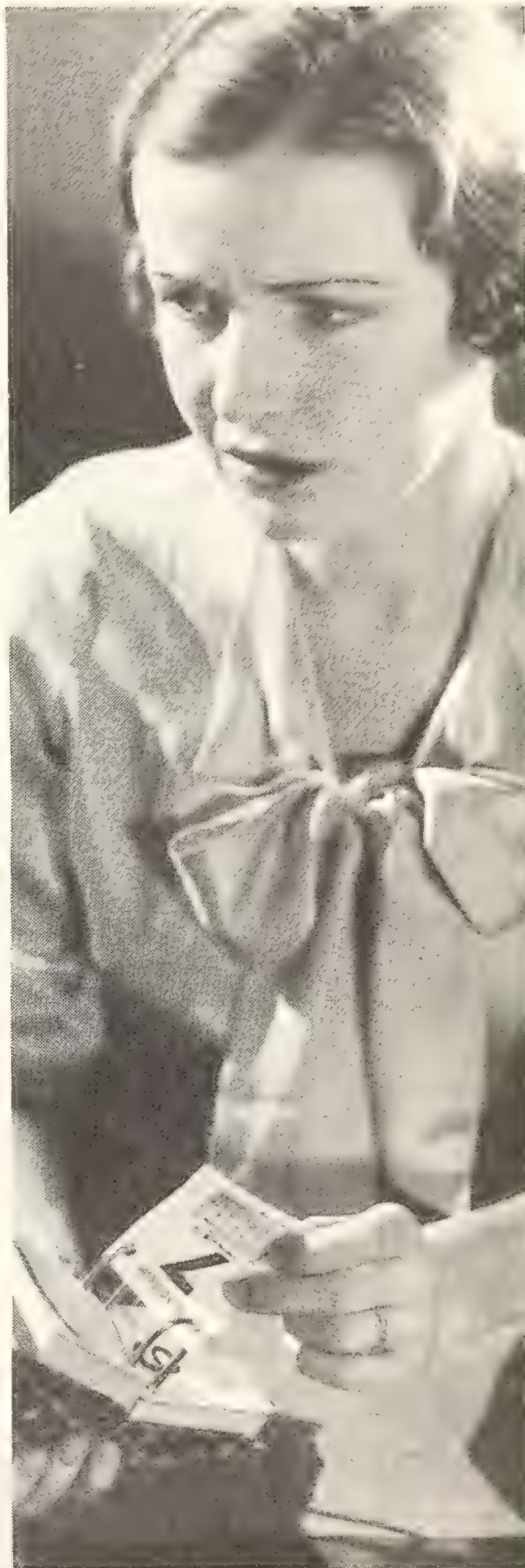
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Janet Gaynor Grasps Her New Freedom!

Continued from page 21

Hollywood twelve years, this is the first house Janet has furnished for herself. She is having as much fun as a kid in a toy shop.

I wondered why she rented a house instead of buying. Real estate is ridiculously cheap at the present time.

"I'm not ready to buy a home," she said. "If I buy a house, I must plan for at least two years in which to pay for it—two years during which I must keep my nose to the grindstone. I don't want to make any such plans. I don't want to plan at all. Plans are such deceptive things, and most often are never followed out. I do not believe in planning. I'd rather be free to choose each step."

"I don't mean that I no longer schedule certain daily duties and look ahead to minor events. I do mean that I am not anxious to form such big and definite plans that I cannot change my mind on an instant's notice. That is the reason I am not buying a house."

The estate she has rented is charming, though not nearly as pretentious as are most of the mansion-like abodes of other stars. The gardens that surround the old-fashioned dwelling first attracted her, and little wonder: there are acres of beautiful plants and flowers. From the two streets that flank the property there can be seen only a kaleidoscopic array of colors—crimson and gold and purple and green and blue

flowers; sufficient coloring to shame the rainbow.

Janet is thoroughly enjoying the thrilling experience of furnishing her new home. With no limit to the amount of money she may spend and with no one to prevent her from satisfying her life-long whims, she is happy. Whenever guests arrive, she precedes them from room to room, enjoying with them the various articles of unique furniture that she is buying, piece by piece, as she discovers things that please her.

But Miss Gaynor has no intention of becoming a hermitess within her sequestered estate. On the contrary, she is acquainted with numerous charming young men and she is almost childishly happy now that she may associate more freely with them. She likes to play and she is filled with romance, just as much as ever before.

Janet will never want for companionship. I venture that no fewer than two dozen of Hollywood's most attractive young bachelors would gladly give all their worldly goods if they could but sweep Janet away in a whirlwind romance and cause her to change her mind about an early re-marriage. Of these two dozen, only two have been fortunate enough to entice Janet to public places.

Lew Ayres is one of the two, and between Lew and Janet there is apparent a fine spark of friendship and understanding. They have not been seen in public places



Just a pampas pet! The girl at ease in the pampas grass is Arline Judge, swell little actress, wife of director Wesley Ruggles, and mother of baby Charles R. She'll be back on the screen soon, after a year's vacation.

often, but on those occasions they have seemed decidedly pleased with each other's company. When Janet and her mother visited Palm Springs for a week, by a coincidence that was either accidental or otherwise Lew was also a visitor at the desert resort.

Janet admits she likes Lew. He sings her praises. I remember with a chuckle that when Ayres was loaned for "State Fair," he was angry because he had to play a subordinate rôle opposite Miss Gaynor. She heard of his attitude and was equally angry. Their first introduction was therefore a strained meeting. They talked *when talk was necessary* in short monosyllables. Now they laugh together over the first disagreeable impressions of each other.

The second young man who has claimed considerable of Janet's leisure is James Dunn. These two have dined and danced at the Cocoanut Grove and the Beverly-Wilshire, and they are no less attractive than are Janet and Lew. Indeed, if from the present beginning there should develop a spirited rivalry between Lew and Jimmy, I am not at all certain which would be the more likely to capture Janet's heart—if, indeed, either succeeded. If one of the boys has a slight advantage, I should say the lucky one is Dunn—he is employed by the same studio as Janet, and thereby gains opportunity for little personal deeds that please feminine hearts.

However, I seriously doubt if even the charming Messrs. Ayres and Dunn can convince Janet that marriage is all it is cracked-up to be. The girl is simply disinterested in anything matrimonial; she wants to play for at least the next few years.

"I want to travel, too," she confided. "I have always loved traveling. I've been to Europe and several times to New York and Honolulu. Now I want to go to other continents and cities. I may be too busy for the next year or so to spend much time on the road, but I hope I will find time for a few trips.

"Until the past year, I have made only two or three motion pictures annually. During the past twelve months I have made *five*—at least, I will have made five before the year is ended. [The pictures are "The First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair," "Adorable" and "Paddy." The last named is now in production.] Five pictures a year are too many; it is difficult to find enough good stories."

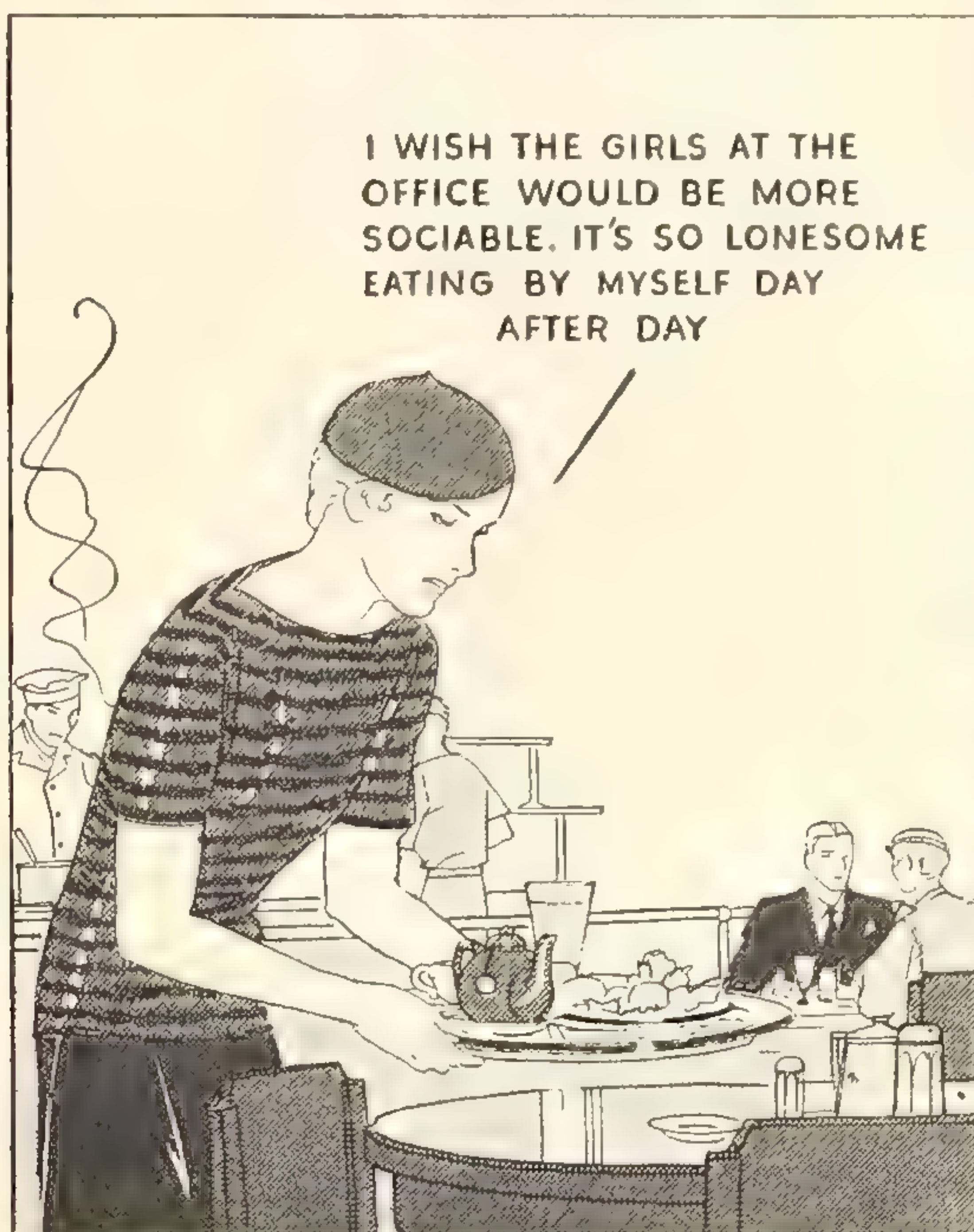
For a girl *without any plans*, Janet has many. But then, I remember that she has planned—and denied plans—as long as I have known her. I remember that she waited a long time to marry because, as she once said to me, "When I marry, I plan to stay married. I don't ever want to be divorced."

Perhaps Janet also remembers *that plan*, and perhaps the failure of her scheme "never to be divorced" has taught her that human beings cannot manipulate their own destinies.

Whatever may be her plans—or her abstinence from plans—I know that Hollywood is delighted with Janet's return to her old self. Ugly rumors that she was temperamental and hard-to-get-along-with circulated freely prior to her divorce. Now Hollywood understands why she behaved in such fashion as to justify those reports. Now that she is again the effervescent, playful Janet Gaynor of a few years ago, Hollywood realizes that her actions were caused by her oppressive and generally unhappy marriage.

And I am truly happy to report that Janet Gaynor, who progressed through years and pictures from "Seventh Heaven" to "Adorable"—is back in her seventh heaven again!

HOW SHE NEARLY LOST HER JOB — by Timmins



I WISH THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE WOULD BE MORE SOCIABLE. IT'S SO LONESOME EATING BY MYSELF DAY AFTER DAY



ONE OF THESE GIRLS LOOKS FAMILIAR WHY, SHE WAS IN TO SEE MRS. SHEA, THE OFFICE MANAGER YESTERDAY ABOUT A JOB ... OH, THEY'RE GOING TO SIT DOWN HERE



MRS. SHEA MAY HAVE AN OPENING FOR ME SOON. THEY HAVE ONE GIRL WHO'S A FINE WORKER, BUT SO CARELESS AT TIMES ABOUT "B.O." THEY'RE AFRAID THEY...

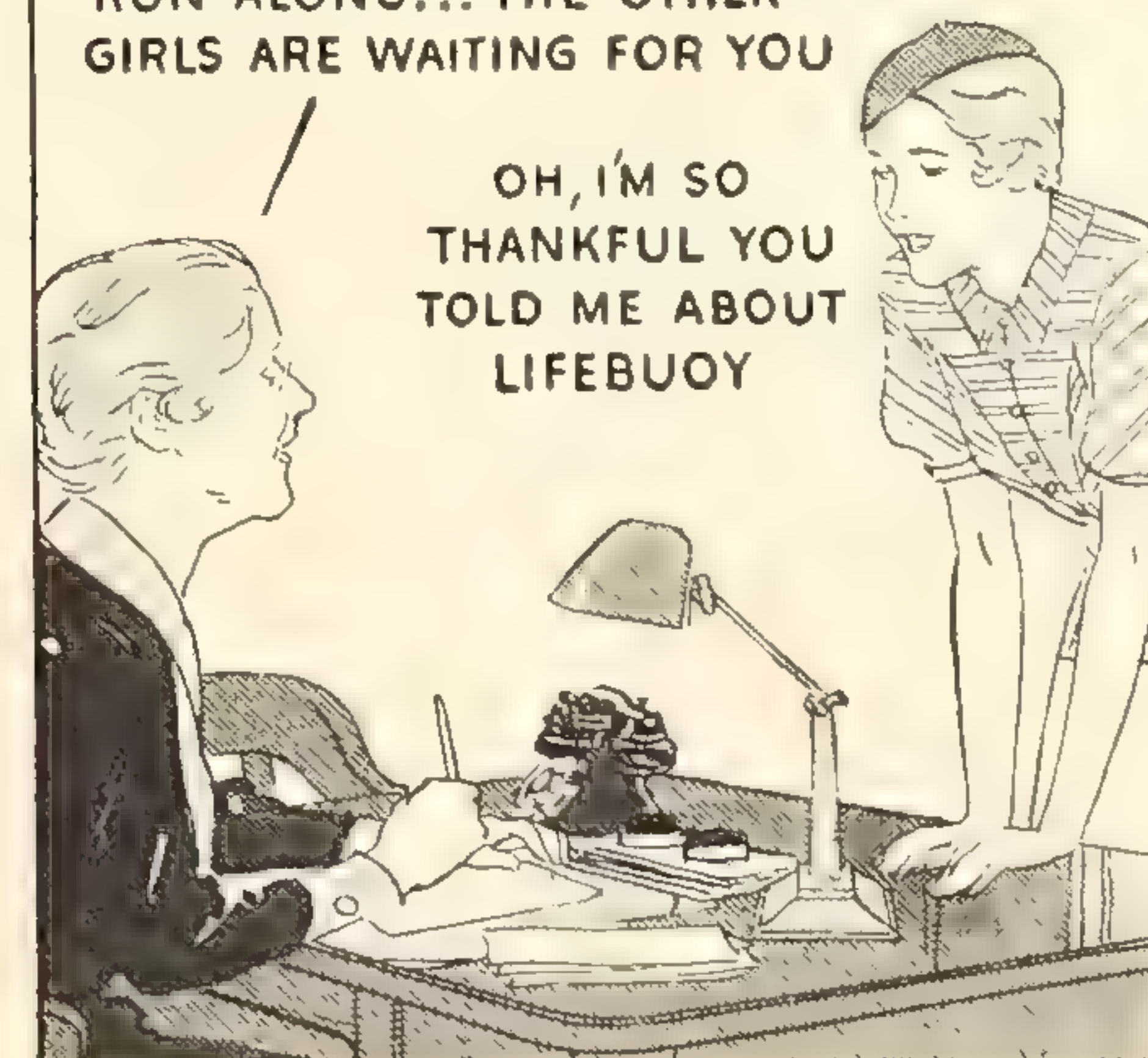


SURELY SHE COULDN'T MEAN ME! BUT I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO MRS. SHEA

... MY DEAR, JUST BE THANKFUL YOU'VE DISCOVERED YOUR FAULT IN TIME. GET LIFEBOUY — IT WILL STOP "B.O."

"B.O." GONE —
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NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR JOB NOW. WE'RE 100% SATISFIED WITH YOU. NOW RUN ALONG... THE OTHER GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU



OH, I'M SO THANKFUL YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LIFEBOUY

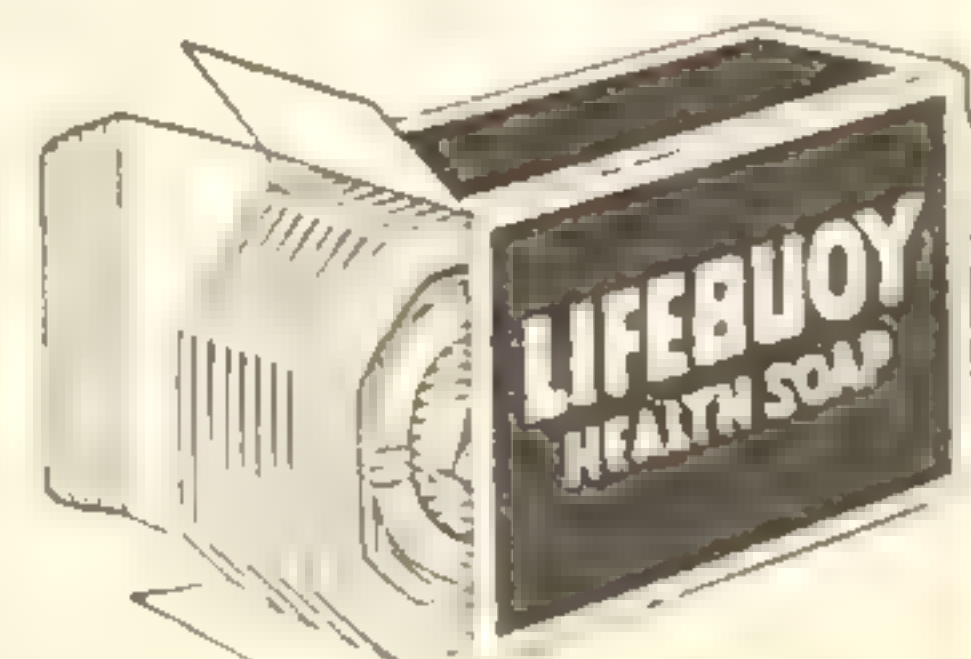
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(body odor)
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The Clamor for Glamor!

Continued from page 27

half-known temperament that creates the dazzling, shining something which lifts the people with "glamor" out of ordinary garish day and surrounds them with the shimmer of moonlight?

Katharine Cornell is hopeless about it. She does not know. Francis Lederer, who is supposed to be a matinee idol and familiar with all such things, stumbles and falters in his cultivated Czech way and says unsatisfactorily, although charmingly, "I cannot say what it is—but it is divine!"

There is only one person who has given me a direct answer to my questionings on this subject. Miss Clemence Dane, the celebrated author of "A Bill of Divorcement," says that an actress must possess these five most important qualities if she would be glamorous:

- Repose
- A Sense of Rhythm
- Humor
- Clear Voice
- Good Choice of Speech

All but the clear voice are mental—and that is really mental, too.

Repose is the poise of understanding and confidence. A sense of rhythm assures balance and proper timing of one's actions. Humor, as it goes without saying, provides a sense of values and proportion. And good speech adorns.

Miss Dane says nothing, in this list, of good or beautiful features or perfect physical requirements. In her extraordinary career as an actress and a playwright she has seen too many women give the impression of beauty and loveliness who do not have facial perfection, to feel that their possession is of utmost importance.

She has seen this to be true, of course, in the features of the now famous "Kit" Cornell, who has become one of the playwright's dearest friends in the years since Miss Cornell appeared as Sydney. Without doubt, the subject of many of the long conversations they have had together, while in the Austrian Alps or at each other's homes, has been that most illusive of qualities, "glamor."

You will want to know more about Clemence Dane, this tall, broad-shouldered woman with brown hair and brown eyes that are always ready to crinkle into a friendly smile, who likes jazz, taught French in a Geneva boarding-school at 16, has a studio above a Covent Garden Market flower stall, thinks American women have the most beautiful shoes and feet and ankles of any women in the world—and who created that glamorous character of Sydney in "Bill of Divorcement."

Clemence Dane is a fountain head of knowledge on "Glamor," just as Mrs. Elinor Glyn would be on "It." You'll find it in some of her fine, swashbuckling plays and novels. She has "glamor" herself.

"It is strange that you should ask me what I think 'glamor' is," Miss Dane laughed in her rich English voice the day I had tea with her. "It is a subject that has interested me so much that I have devoted seven pages to describe it in my last book.

"Glamor, of course, is what the 'wood people,' the elves and fays and brownies and faeries, put over the eyes of mortals to make things appear what they are not. The familiar hillside looks like another place, more enchanting than it actually is. It is a spell or enchantment—often effected by the juice of a magic flower—as in Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

"Do you remember how Shakespeare's Merlin, the magician, sends Puck into the

Forest of Arden to put the juice of the enchanted flower upon the eyes of the unhappy lovers and how the naughty sprite mischievously mixes the instructions up?

"I have always been fascinated by the 'little people,'" Miss Dane went on. "The word 'glamor' goes back to an old Scotch



Torrid Torres! Raquel wears this interesting black velvet negligée in her forthcoming picture, "Tampico." Interesting? It's positively exciting!

word meaning 'magic.' All the words such as 'glamor,' 'bewitchment,' 'charm,' 'enchant,' 'spell,' go back to the thought of magic.

"The modern girl who charms you irresistibly may keep your thought on her silvery laugh, her lovely eyes and seductive dimples and enticing voice—while she really may be stealing your heart—and making great inroads upon your pocketbook!

"She is far more successful with her subtlety than she would be with out-and-out bandit methods."

Miss Dane's last book, "Broome Stages," traces the story of a great English family of the stage from its founder, a young

country lad who ate faery bread on a Devon hillside and learned a faery charm which he passed on to other members of his line, to the present day of the cinema.

"Denied Fairyland," Miss Dane has her hero ask, "where could poets and dancers herd, but in the Middle-Land of the theatre? (The cinema, too, of course.) For—is not the theatre the land of sham and glamor, or cardboard battles, learned-by-heart nobilities, clockwork monsters and pinchbeck virtues and jewels? Is not the sloping floor behind the footlights so drenched with dreams, so perfumed with glamor, that a man who treads those boards can continue to look and feel twenty till three times pass in the outer world?"

Miss Dane, who started out life named Winifred Ashton, did not intend to be a writer. She took it up quite accidentally by coming across a typewriter for three pounds (\$15), in a shop window. She was persuaded to take it home, and began writing a book.

Then before long a novel called "Regiment of Women" by an unknown writer named Clemence Dane appeared on the stands to mystify every one. That was the name Miss Dane had chosen for herself to protect her friends from disgrace in case she should fail! The book was based on Miss Dane's experience with boarding school life.

"A Bill of Divorcement" was her second piece of writing.

"You have seen the picturization of 'A Bill of Divorcement,' of course?" I asked, "and do you like it?"

"Yes, I saw it here," she said, "and liked it very much. I thought Miss Hepburn and Mr. Barrymore, and every one in the cast was splendid, and it was excellently done. And it seemed to me that Miss Billie Burke did exceedingly well with her very difficult and unsympathetic part of the mother."

When Miss Dane arrived in Hollywood, instead of putting her to work on the scripts of her own book "Broome Stages" and her play "Granite," which she expected to do on her arrival, her film employers, instead, gave her the opportunity to work on an idea of her own for an original story for Francis Lederer. Her "idea" is a story called "The Troubadour," which Mr. Lederer will start to work on, unless plans are changed, at the close of his "matinée idol" stage rôle in "Autumn Crocus," in which he has been appearing in New York with Dorothy Gish.

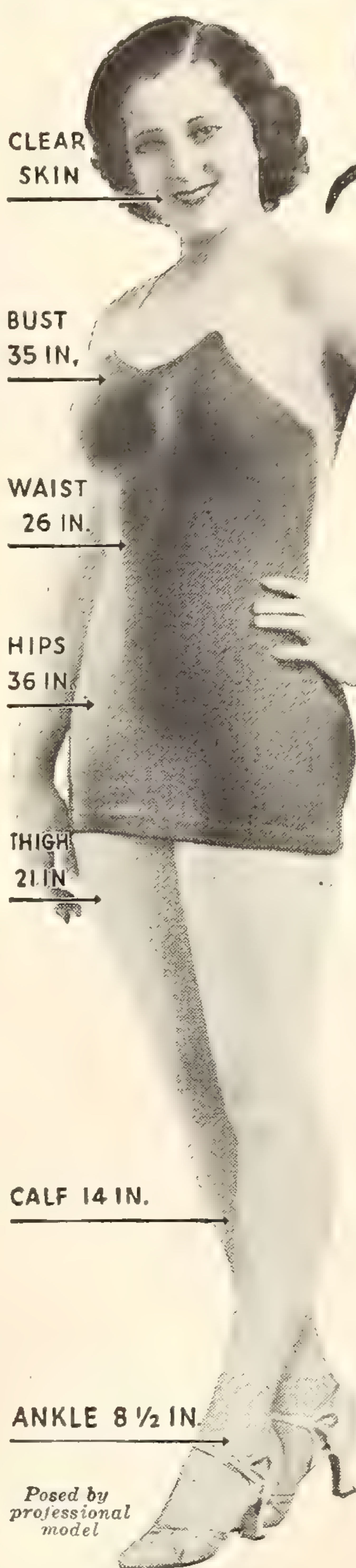
Irene Dunne, Miss Dane hopes, will play the leading feminine rôle opposite Francis Lederer in "The Troubadour." The silken Irene and the stalwart Lederer should make an attractive new screen "team."

In Hollywood, Miss Dane became immediately a member of the group of brilliant English writers and actors which has gathered together in the past months, indicating, we may assume, a growing interest in things British on the part of American producers, and *vice versa*. "Cavalcade" was an expression of it.

Among them is G. B. Stern, the novelist, who is the adapter of the script for "Little Women," in which Katharine Hepburn is to appear. Benn Levy, the English playwright, has also been a member of the group this winter. And the charming Diana Wynyard, of "Cavalcade," and Brian Aherne, the actor, were also counted in until they returned to London to appear in April in Clemence Dane's latest Brontë play, "Wild Decembers," which Miss Cornell may put on in New York next fall.

Hollywood, however, and Santa Monica, where she has taken a bungalow, are much more quiet and "Nine O'clock" than Clemence Dane expected after the hectic life of New York. But she's having lots of time to concentrate on writing the particular kind of "glamor" that she likes!

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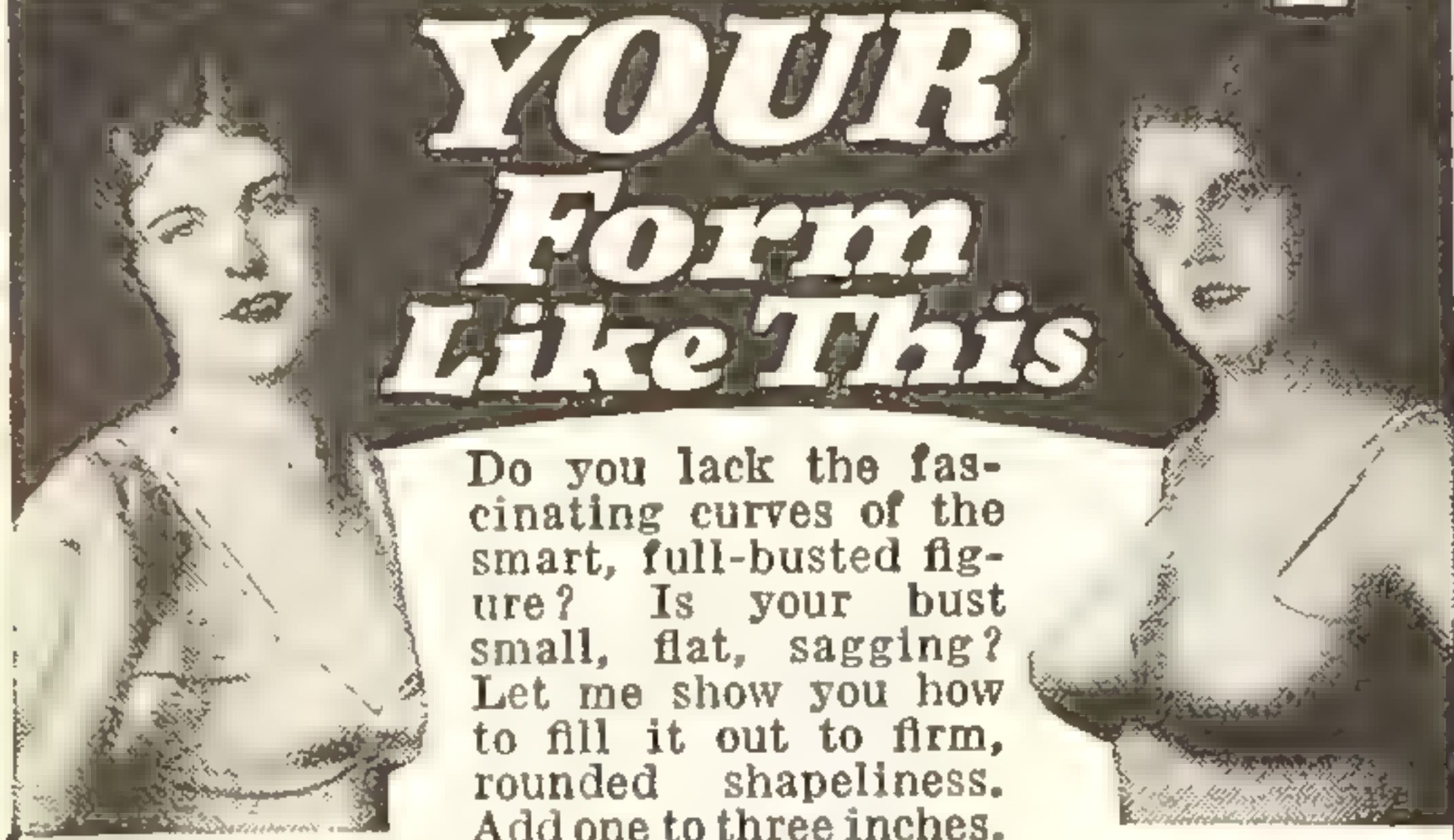
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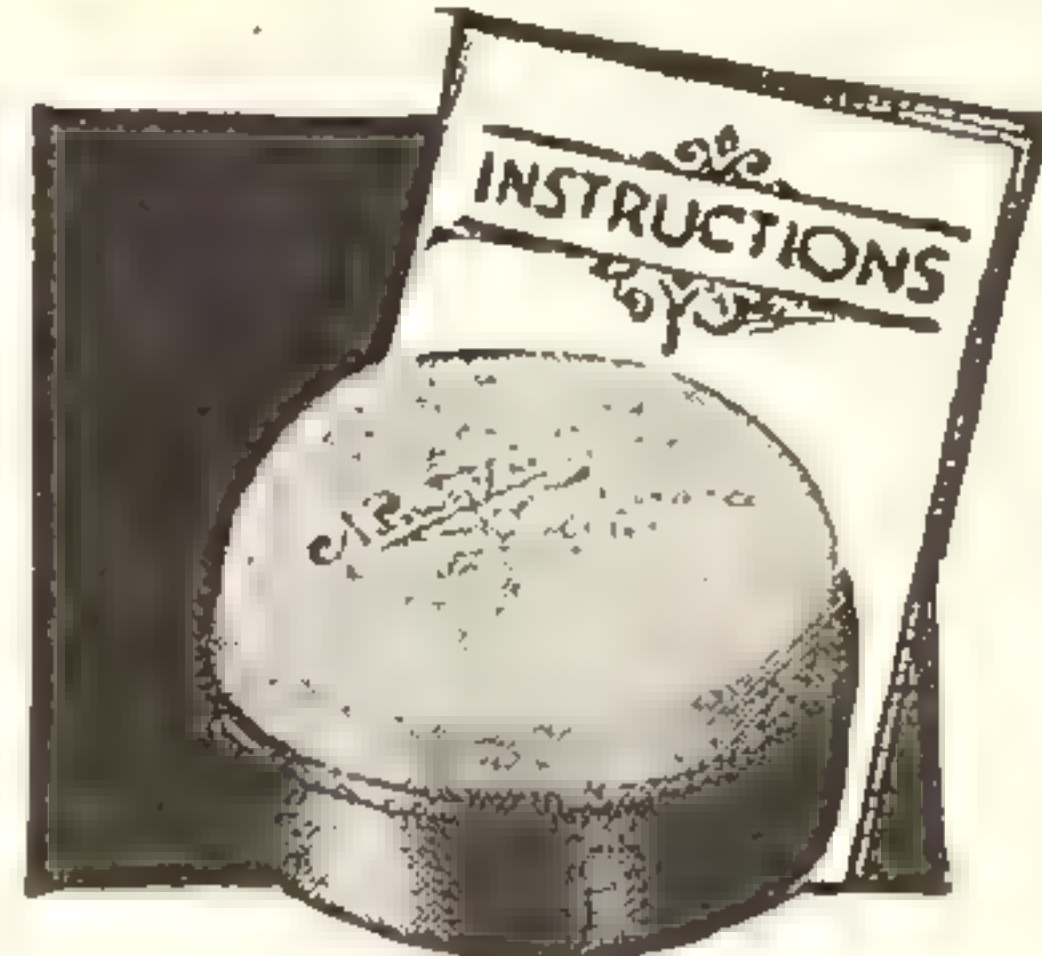
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Your Faults May Be Your Fortune!

Continued from page 23

if he were foolish enough to hide these expressive lips that lure and charm a world of repressed introverts who idolize one who they feel does well the free things they would do and say if they dared. Chevalier's faun-like ears with the heart-shaped openings are as distinctive and suggestive of his musical tastes as any faun's could be. His mischievous faun-like gestures as he goes through his airy, somewhat suggestive repertoire is a revelation to a psychologist—be he a behaviorist or character analyst, by the law of averages. With such a mouth and such ears Maurice Chevalier would be as big a fool to have them trimmed or altered as he would be to try to make a fortune singing sacred songs!

Charles Chaplin has a small, pointed, elfin ear with a lobe that shades off imperceptibly into his cheeks. Well, Chaplin is as much the sly, quiet, mischievous elf as Maurice Chevalier is the rollicking suggestive faun. He can hardly bring himself to make talking pictures, although in "City Lights" he got a million deep belly laughs from audiences when he swallowed a wee whistle, and its peeping elfin notes were more provocative of gales of laughter

than anything he might have said or sung.

We could caricature Joan Crawford beautifully with just a pair of large bulging eyes with high arched brows, and pouting, out-thrust but generous lips. This combination is a graphic delineation of character, whether you or Joan are being considered, because such natures are talkative, colorful, expressive. The mouth reiterates these qualities and shows the extrovert to perfection. However, it is the strong jaw beneath these lips that reveals the intestinal fortitude to work for the colorful, expressive things that Crawford's mind and soul crave.

Speaking of jaws reminds me of Connie Bennett, for her face is all curves and beauty except her wide, firm, determined back-jaws. If you, like her, have to heighten the shadows with powder beneath a jaw as determined—know this as its inner meaning. All who have such jaws can be cleverly shown, cajoled, or sold an idea or thing, but even if a babe in arms with such jaws is forced or made to do a thing—look out for rebellion by every means in their power. You can call these jaws stubborn but never weak. Whether such natures are heroes or rebels depends



Bed-time story without words! It's Ruby Keeler, retiring before ten o'clock in preparation for a hard day of "gold-digging" on the morrow. Ruby's personal triumph in "42nd Street" won her a prominent part in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

on whether they are otherwise unselfish or selfish.

Which reminds me that no one quality is in itself sufficient for success, but if considered a talent and used in extreme devotion to an ideal this firmness, for instance, promises eventual success. Such bulldog tenacity, enlisted in a bad or lost cause, could just as easily cause one to "stay put" too long and sink with the doomed ship of fortune.

Just to think of a cheerier, if more flip-pant feature, let's note Gloria Swanson's tip-tilted, somewhat snobbish, socially ambitious nose. All who share with her this feature will share in these characteristics which it portrays. It is no mere caprice of Fate but her very own natural desire that she should marry men of social and aristocratic glamor and allure, when she was mature. Her first mate, it is true, was none other than Wally Beery, but she was a bathing beauty then and he a shining star with Chicago's flashiest yellow car. Swanson has lived as an aspiring life in real life as that great casting director Cecil B. DeMille visioned for her when he took her out of the bathing beauty class and gave her parts depicting society, showing the last word in beauty and class. Remember the sunken baths of her first starring vehicles? This merely means that whether one is an artist, casting director, personal director, or real fan of the best in pictures, he gets the greatest thrill in seeing people cast for the parts they fill naturally and convincingly.

Of course, we all play many parts in life. The fact is, however, we all have certain outstanding features which are indexes any casting director would instantly detect, so that he would know we could play certain parts best. Caesar, the strong-jawed general, gave us a great thrill when he said, "I came, I saw, I conquered." We would all like to conquer or overcome the conflict of our environment. To quote another historic phrase, "It is times like these that try men's souls."

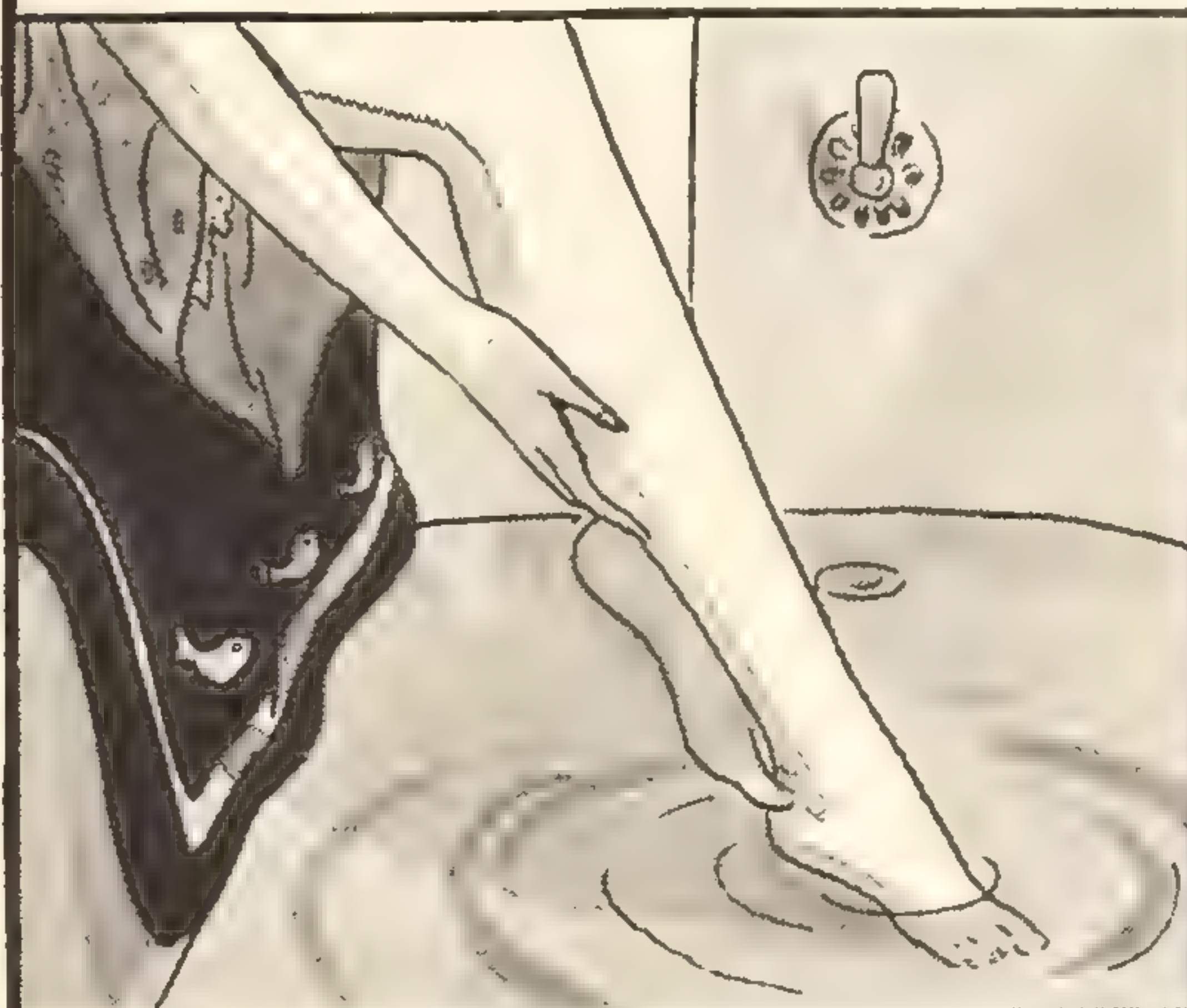
Well, we have the advantage at least of standing on the shoulders of all our predecessors; we can learn from all those who have succeeded, be they ancient queens or modern queens of the cinema. To sum it up briefly, if we would not only survive but prosper, live a free, expressive and happy life—first find out what kind of souls or inner personalities we have by a real study of the interesting story our mirrors tell. Note that outstanding or unusual feature and get its meaning clear, then give that part of the personality a chance to cooperate with all the other faculties of mind and soul. Be extroverts, not introverts, at least for a part of each day.

I've been asked by anxious, earnest thousands in person and by letter, "What shall I do to succeed?" And the answer that comes down through the ages written in the lives of those who have succeeded, is simply—"Know thyself and be thyself." We are all so susceptible to suggestion that we sometimes try to be someone so utterly unlike us that we are doomed to failure—as surely as if Abraham Lincoln had spent his plain, Democratic, liberating life trying to be like the aristocratic slave-owning country gentleman, George Washington.

You are mentally and physically different from every other person in all the countless millions unless you have an identical twin, then there is only one as like you mentally and spiritually as you two look. Find your strength and weaknesses through the study of others, and you'll find even the most jagged feature fits right into the finished picture and may be the salient feature that makes you an outstanding and happy personality.

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

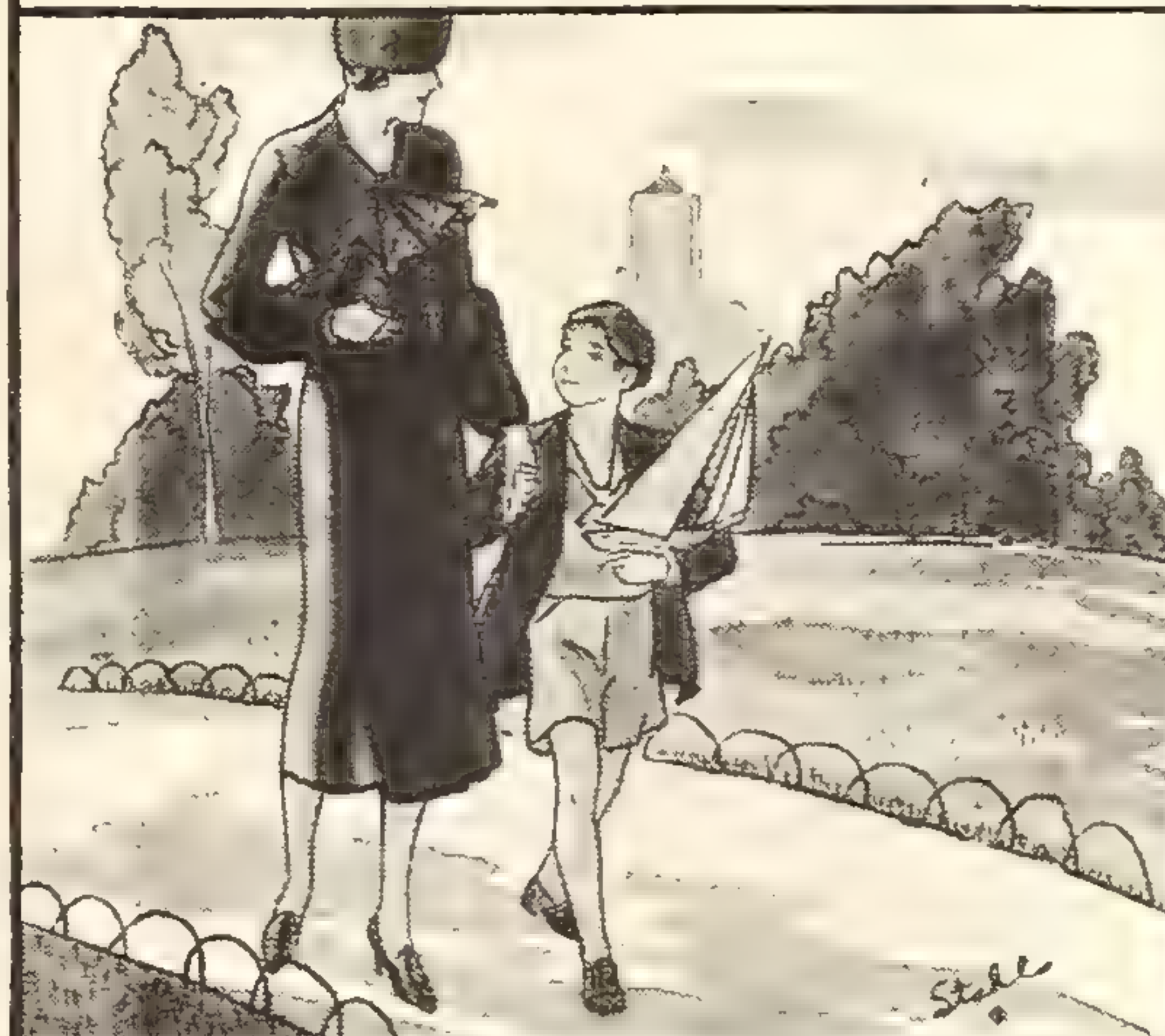
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Directing the Films' Funny Men!

Continued from page 55

superstition, I cite Taurog's story of Bob Woolsey. Once, when he was directing Wheeler and Woolsey in "Hold 'Em Jail," Bob, who usually is letter perfect in lines and business, simply couldn't play a certain scene. At first, he was obviously ill at ease and unfunny, and finally he blew up altogether. After long hours of worry it was finally discovered that the prop man had given Woolsey the wrong pair of glasses. He couldn't be natural without his own glasses even when he didn't actually know the difference!

Few, if any, of the successful comedians of today who were untrained in the old silent school of pantomime can be funny without some kind of audience. Therefore, the successful comedy director like Taurog appoints himself an audience of one, to laugh at the comic's gags and cheer him on toward being funnier and funnier. He's a perfect one-man *claque*!

"I try to be the actor's best audience," said Taurog. "A comedian can hardly be expected to be funny with a frozen-faced director sitting under the camera with a 'make me laugh' expression. True, many comics get their laughs by dishing out

dead-pans to audiences, but they can't take one. It kills their enthusiasm and dries up their natural humor. Laughs are catching like the measles, so I try to infect the players by doing all the laughing. Besides, it keeps me in good health."

Taurog is a great believer in the efficacy of drama to comedy.

"Just as comedy supplies the relief for dramas, so should drama supply relief for comedy.

"We pay as much attention to story, plot and situations in comedy as we do in drama. The best example of what story plot and situations mean to comedians may be found in the success of Maurice Chevalier and Harold Lloyd. Their pictures have as much plot as most dramas, and sometimes a good deal more.

"The comedian must get sympathy in his rôles. Then the more troubles he has in the story, the more audiences laugh with and at him. Of course, there is always the grave danger of overdoing it. Too much pathos will kill the laughs. And besides, most comedians yearn to play Hamlet, and the funny part of it is, most of them could.

"Always belittlin'," says Percy Crosby in



Here are any number of reasons why masculine hearts succumb to the allure of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Peggy wears that white fox and that potent smile in "International House," her first talkie.

his famous line in "Skippy," which so aptly applies to the secret of humor. How the audiences love and laugh at the fellow who is always being belittled by the big bully. Chaplin, Lloyd, Jimmy Durante, Bert Wheeler, Stan Laurel, and Charlie Ruggles are always being belittled to the huge amusement of the audiences.

But, agrees Taurog, even the big guy can win his share of sympathy and be equally funny while bullying the little fellow, if the sympathetic quality can be maintained in his character. Audiences don't like smart-alecs, but they always laugh at Oliver Hardy and Bob Woolsey when they bully Stan Laurel and Bert Wheeler, because they are such well-meaning boobs. Their little pals get them into just as much trouble, as they themselves blunder into, so the sympathy is evenly divided.

"Although a comedian is necessarily a finished actor," says Taurog, "personality and individuality are far more important to his success on the screen than even his bag of tricks. I have never tried to persuade a comedian to change his style or his personality."

Although far outnumbered, the comediennes of the screen are equally capable, in the director's opinion. Particularly does he point to Edna May Oliver and Zasu Pitts. Having directed Miss Oliver he has a close knowledge of her ability. Unlike most comedians, he says, she is so fine an actress that she is one of the very, very few players who can play both comedy and drama equally well. So, too, can Miss Pitts, but he is not so sure that they can make audiences regard them seriously, so popular are they in screen comedy.

Graduated from the ranks of silent slapstick comedy, Taurog points with pride to the achievements of the graduates.

"In silent comedy pantomime we learned more about timing and spacing in picture acting than has ever been learned since. We learned to milk a gag dry, but never to let a situation run too long. To let the audience laugh too soon in playing a comedy scene in talking pictures is fatal, as it destroys the effectiveness of the climax and often it is completely lost. Most of our silent picture comedians have been very successful in talking pictures, both in comedy and drama, and so have the directors."

And now, Mr. Taurog, since we have been good-naturedly comparing comedians with children and *vice-versa*, how about M. Chevalier and yourself?

The director smiled. "We won't go too deeply into that," he said, "but I can tell you that Maurice's superstition is that straw hat. He won't work without it, and he always wears it at that gay, rakish angle. And his outstanding eccentricity is his love of American slang." At this point, we were joined by M. Chevalier.

"As for me," added the director, "my pet superstition concerns black cats. If one were to cross my path on the way to the studio, I'd be late because I'd have to go back. I made a mistake only once. In my early days in pictures, I was on my way to the little slapstick comedy studio where I worked as a cub director. A black cat ran across the road. Good sense warned me to turn back, but fearing the danger of being late, I reluctantly went on.

"When I reached the studio there was a sign on the gate. It said 'Closed.' There went my job and I couldn't collect any salary. I was broke. As I sat on the curb with my head in my hands along came a hard-hearted guy from the finance company. He took my automobile, and I had to walk home."

We all laughed heartily, and M. Chevalier looked at me with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He beamed as he added his contribution: "And—how do you like that?"



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Tracy—The Star Hollywood Can't Scare!

Continued from page 31

Academy in Alton, Ill., less eventfully.

"When I graduated Dad gave me a trip to California as my present," he recalls with a laugh. "I came to 'Sunny Southern Paradise' and spent the whole vacation in Long Beach. Didn't bother to come in to Hollywood!" Which proves how little the tinsel glitter impressed him even then.

He entered Union College in Schenectady the following Fall. Contrary to his anti-war rôle in "Private Jones," he was more than anxious to make Europe safe for democracy. He quit college before the end of his freshman term and enrolled in the army. The Armistice was signed before he could get to France.

"That was when, being twenty-one and certain I could lick the world, I did my careful deliberating and finally concluded to turn actor. My father, having had none of the species in the family, was astonished. But considerate, as always. He said he would stake me for a year and that would be long enough to decide whether I'd click on the stage.

"My parents were living in Sayre, Pennsylvania, and I blithely departed for Broadway, full of ambition. Got myself a \$5-a-week room and began the rounds of theatrical agents. I soon found I had to concoct a tale of show experience to get to first base. This I did, and my first job was in a dramatic vaudeville sketch. I said three lines and netted \$35 a week.

"It lasted a couple of weeks and then I was on the hunt once more. I got into another act at the same wage. Travelled about the country for a season in it and then connected with a repertoire company which toured New England for a season, doing different plays each evening. When that closed I landed back in New York broke."

Lee's casual acquaintances deem him irresponsible. He isn't, for he planned his career quite systematically. Progress is essential to him and he must know that he is going forward. Vaudeville, then three years in stock, two in road-show leads, and he was ready for New York and stardom there.

Five years of leads in such outstanding hits as "Broadway" and "The Front Page" and he moved on to Hollywood.

"My first year out here was a sad, sad story. Paul Muni came out at the same time and we both had Fox contracts for a year. I was given three unimportant parts and the idleness drove me crazy!" Recall Lee in "Liliom"? Charlie Farrell was the star and most of Lee's scenes were cut so he wouldn't steal the picture.

Tracy and Muni were disgusted and glad to get back into New York plays. Then Hollywood woke up and realized what a mistake had been made. Muni scored in Warners' chain gang drama and is returning to that studio this summer. Lee came back and free-lanced until, his popularity growing by leaps and bounds, he was persuaded by M-G-M to become Culver City's fair-haired lad.

Essentially the same as you see him on the screen, Lee is a sophisticate. Not, of course, the Hollywood brand of superficial sophistication. They can't scare him into that! His is the mental sort.

He is economical with his earnings. A great reader, and yet not really a student. The local habit of back-slapping will never become his. He has invariably had just a few friends whom he classes as intimates and cannot give his attention to a wide circle.

Until he met John Barrymore, when they were cast together in "Dinner at Eight," he had no stellar friend. In John he has discovered a kindred spirit and they are developing a sincere mutual admiration.

Nervous, late in arriving and leaving, he avoids premieres like the plague and shuns athletics despite the fact that he was a high school track and baseball star. He would have been a wonderful lawyer. There is sound logic to his statements. And he rattles along so fast you have to listen. When you do that you are generally convinced!

One of his clever tricks is to avoid getting mad. The dignified calm he adopts is invaluable. Others rant and rave and when their energy is exhausted Lee quietly walks off with the victory.

He shares with Marie Dressler an uncanny quality. When either Lee or Marie enter a room you feel their presence without a word having been uttered. An unexplainable and marvelous magnetism. With George Arliss Tracy shares a mighty reverence for acting technique.

Being ordinary in looks, he has had to work twice as hard as the handsome boys to develop individuality. He has watched the most famous comedians to learn how they get their audience laughs, and it is actually his superb technique that puts him across. Hollywood can't scare him into its glittering ways because he realizes he doesn't have to rely on potent sex appeal or fancy lighting to register with the public.

"The whole secret of my acting is in the manner I use my hands," he confided to a friend of mine one day. "I never stress this to interviewers because others would imitate me." Now that the secret is out, watch his next film and note what an asset he has made of his hands. He is a true artist in their use. It has taken years of study and hours of painstaking practice and rehearsals to be able to use them so effectively. Now this eloquent style of acting is setting an example for Hollywood.



Doris Kenyon is an actress much depended upon by George Arliss for support in his pictures. Now, at his special request, she's in the cast of his new film, "Voltaire."



Margaret Lindsay is another of the pre-Napoleonic beauties who plays with George Arliss in "Voltaire." The French genius was a busy man in his day!

We don't often think of the stage imports as being gifted in pantomime. Lee is as adept at it as any silent screen veteran. Instead of cultivating his voice, he concentrated on action. He reasoned that an actor

is no greater than his ability to express himself without words. During all those stage years he was thus aiming for the cameras!

One more untold thing about Lee. He is, at heart, terribly sentimental. He'll give me a non-stop bawling-out for revealing this. But it's a human and admirable quality, isn't it? Especially when you find he is sentimental about his mother.

His father died five years ago, having lived to witness Lee's New York triumphs but missing his Hollywood fame. His mother's home is in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. He visits her there and she occasionally comes out to see how he's getting along here. She is his balance-wheel and he idolizes her. Young-looking, modern, a woman of culture and refinement, she has charmed those who have met her.

On her first visit to California she flew out. Lee met her at the airport and nearly died of worry. He was so afraid something would happen to the plane. Hollywood can't scare him one iota. But gosh—if anything went wrong with "Mom" or he failed to live up to her expectations—well, high-pressure Lee Tracy would be so scared and miserable he'd be struck dumb!

"Maybe I'm nuts," he concluded philosophically as he left me to do another sequence with his new buddy Barrymore, "but my instincts—and brother, you'll never make a mistake on a fried egg or an instinct!—tell me I was fated to be a rolling stone and not a proud papa, a happy husband, or a glad-handed hacienda host. I'm gathering my moss while I can, and strange as it seems the grass keeps growing a little greener in the next field!"

Femi-Nifties

Continued from page 67

form of massage, since I'm an addict on what circulation can do for reducing. (And for clearing up the skin on your face, too. But that's another story.)

There's the Hemp Massager—a little device that imitates to perfection the kneading, knowing hands of a skilled masseuse. This Bodi-Massager actually gets at the fatty tissue, lifting and manipulating them automatically, without any strenuous pressure on your part. It consists of four rubber balls, two large and two small, mounted on a small handle. It weighs less than a pound, and it's inexpensive. So if you're afraid fat is going to spoil your summer, to say nothing of your figure—why, roll your own way with a Hemp Massager.

There's nothing more annoying than a trailing perspiration odor—or a damp spot on the under-arm of a dress. Well, here's a new deodorant, "X," that'll surely mark that spot out. A fragrant white cream that you may apply under your arms—and then forget for a day or so. It's soothing, too—leaves no itchy feeling. Melts right away into your skin and will not harm clothes.

It always does us poor perspiring people good, when summer comes along, and those fortunate few who have boasted all winter long that they "never perspire" are right in the same boat with us. But we might be big-hearted and tell them about "X," since they'll be needing it, too, when the sun starts its smouldering.

Exciting names and thrilling fragrances seem to be the rule in perfumes, this year.

Get a sniff of Myon's *Three Passions* and *1000 Joies* and you'll know what I mean. They're really lovely—and you'll seem more so, too, because of them. Watch and see if somebody doesn't say so.

And speaking of perfumes, I can't resist mentioning De Vilbiss atomizers. An atomizer is a perfume's best friend. Too many women "spot" their perfume around—behind their ears, on their neck, on their furs, on their collars—so that from one angle we get an awful blast of it, from another, no fragrance at all. The atomizer sprays it evenly, smoothly, delicately, as it should be. And your perfume will never leak out or evaporate from a De Vilbiss—the special closure top prevents that.

It seems a far cry from perfumes to boudoir trimmings, but here goes! I saw the cutest dressing table, drapes, and bed-spread the other day, designed for a star's summer house at Malibu. And did it make me envious! Though they tell me I can make this same set myself as simply as rolling off a log. Everything was white organdie, with a tricky edging known as "Jig-saw" trimming, in bright red. That twisty trimming really takes the cake. It's made by winding rick-rack braid around the new Singer Sewing Machine gadget, called Singercraft. If you'll stop in any Singer shop, they'll show you how to make this Jig-saw edging in a jiffy. It would be awfully smart for bridge table covers, and luncheon sets—but if you'll excuse me, I'm going to try that boudoir set first. I just can't sleep till I get those pieces together!

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Here's another picture "reunion!" Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, whose warm work together in "Red Dust" made the movie headlines, are repeating in another film. This is an un-idyllic scene from the new picture.

Sweet and Loy

Continued from page 34

lar weekly salary (Myrna was always thrifty), but she was unhappy because she had been given a vamp part. She wavered between smiles and tears, and I was never sure which would come, sunshine or rain.

"I'll be playing nothing but vamp parts," she cried; "if they type me like that."

How nearly correct she was can be told today—for seven years Myrna Loy played nothing but exotic Orientals and vampires.

Shortly after she signed that first contract, Myrna purchased a home. It was not a large house—just comfortable. But had it been the palace of the King of England, the owner could not have been prouder. She hated apartments; she still hates them. She adores sitting alone with her phonograph. She has pet records, and I remember that on more occasions than one I was driven to the point of madness when she played the same music over and over again. She permitted no interruptions during her record recitals—silence was always golden.

Myrna has never lost her love for music. Everywhere she goes, she has harmony close at hand. Nights when she cannot sleep she sits beside her phonograph and plays for hours. Recently new neighbors moved into the house next to her own—Miss Loy was still living in the bungalow she purchased years ago. The first night after their arrival Myrna experienced one of her sleepless spells. Next morning the neighbors expostulated.

Myrna apologized—but she commenced a search for a new place to live. If the law demanded that she not disturb her neighbors, then she determined to find a house that had no neighbors. By a fortunate turn of fate, she had just finished "The Barbarian," co-starring with Ramon Novarro. The Mexican star was soon to leave for a concert tour in Europe, and arrangements were made for Myrna to occupy his mountain-top home. She is there now, and is likely to remain until Novarro's return.

Perhaps she may remain after Novarro's return! When people ask her if there is

truth to the rumor that she is engaged to Ramon, she only smiles enigmatically and replies, "No spik English!" That is as far as anyone ever gets with romantic inquiries.

Miss Loy remained under contract to Warner Brothers for five years. One day, without warning she was released from contract and *was she frightened*. She was so scared that when she tried to tell me about her "calamity" she was almost tongue-tied. You see, Myrna is a very modest, self-effacing young woman, and she was certain that if Warner officials no longer wanted her, other studio executives would be equally disinterested.

The struggle she staged for the next two years was inspiring. Myrna determined that her career in motion pictures was hampered because she was distinctly typed as a vampire.

"I'll never play another Oriental!" she cried. "I'll starve first."

She was in no danger of starving, for Myrna had saved her money carefully when she was under contract. Nevertheless, she exhibited courage when she rejected big salary offers for vampire rôles. She shook her head to such offers so constantly that shaking became a habit, and she almost said *no* when she was offered the part of the wife in "Animal Kingdom." She caught herself in time, however, and "Animal Kingdom" is the picture that Myrna loves for two reasons—she thinks she gave her best performance to date in the part of the wife, and the picture proved to producers that Miss Loy can play sympathetic rôles as well as she can enact exotic heavies.

I have no doubt that she is headed for sure stardom. Even so, I might feel that my opinion is prejudiced by friendship if I did not know that so many others share the belief. Myrna is a universal favorite among the masculine interviewers and writers, and we boys customarily gather at luncheons and fling ideas and gossip across tables. For many years we have had a favorite question, and never a con-

ference occurred that someone did not voice it. The question: *When will Myrna Loy become a star?* We men all agreed that she has every requirement for the office, and I may say that for the past several years we have looked upon motion pictures with pitying glances because they were too blind to perceive our favorite's possibilities.

We have ceased to pity now. "Animal Kingdom" justified our faith in Myrna and subsequent pictures prove to us that we have not guessed wrong. We know now that the producers have "discovered" Myrna Loy—just nine years after Henry Waxman and Rudolf Valentino and Nata-

cha Rambova and your humble writer found her.

While I was sitting with Myrna "remembering," a sudden pleasant memory flashed into my mind.

"Do you recall a promise you made to me?" I inquired. "A promise that if you ever reached stardom, you would give me a great big kiss?"

Myrna smiled. I tingled; I thought she was going to give! But she didn't. She just said:

"I'm not a star yet, Jimmie!"

And here am I, nagging the producers to hurry things along!

Shaw in Hollywood

Continued from page 19

San Francisco, snap him until he nonchalantly walked into the scene, putting on his gloves. Then he carefully examined the plane while the cameras kept on grinding.

Impossible to record all of the Shaw repartee and all of his many opinions. He is an amazing combination of brilliancy, humor and sweetness. He will probably slay me if he ever reads this for the word "sweetness" or anything that borders on the sentimental, is abhorrent to him. To do him justice one would have to follow him with a dictaphone.

One thing I almost forgot to mention is his opinion of what is wrong with our American movies.

"Most of the pictures I have seen," he told me, "are over-directed. How can these young people give their best performances if they are rehearsed and rehearsed until all their spontaneity is gone? I suppose, however, these directors, who are paid huge salaries, must earn their money."

Mrs. Shaw, who is a charming and gra-

cious woman, told me that she and Mr. Shaw had stayed up later at *La Cuesta Encantada* than is their custom. They had seen several new American films.

"I have never known him," she told me, "to look at so many motion pictures and enjoy them."

At his request "Blondie of the Follies," with Marion Davies, was shown. This with "Gabriel Over the White House" and "Looking Forward" were the three he liked the best.

You can scarcely believe that George Bernard Shaw is seventy-seven years old. His vitality is amazing, his sparkling, alive personality, his twinkling blue eyes and his sharp wit, undimmed by age, make his ordinary conversation an oratorical event. I carried away with me from the Hearst ranch a mental picture of this straight, slim figure saying good-night to a group of film stars who were leaving for Los Angeles.

I also carried with me the memory of the most mentally stimulating and delightful week-end I ever spent in my life.



Here's a group of Hollywood celebrities at the wedding of Margaret Ettinger, well known publicity representative, and Ross Shattuck, studio executive. Left to right: Louella Parsons, columnist; Dr. James Hamilton Lash, pastor; Miss Ettinger, Mr. Shattuck, Danny Danker, and Dr. Harry Martin, Miss Parsons' husband.

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The July Issue of SILVER SCREEN

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By Request: Another "Record" Contest

Continued from page 60

automobile accident in Chicago. Myrt, being the author of these radio sketches, now has to write from her hospital bed about her own disappearance. It'll be some months before she's up and about again.

George Bernard Shaw is afraid of the microphone! When he broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, he wouldn't talk into the mike, so the dreaded instruments were placed in the footlights and in the wings of the stage.

Just a suggestion—if you like good music

with your tea, tune in on Val Fritschy and his orchestra at WPCH, every Monday.

Remember when we told you of Lanny Ross' distress at never having found a four-leaf clover? Well, Lanny told me that he became so discouraged over this catastrophe that he bought himself a four-leaf clover plant!

Nat Shilkret and his orchestra, and Walter O'Keefe and Lyda Roberti were auditioned for a "beer" program. Which brings to mind that half-pint Jeannie Lang's new tag around the studio is "3.2."

Why Claudette Went Gay!

Continued from page 32

As time went on, Fate, in the polished person of Mr. DeMille, suave and penetrating, who has uncanny sense in fathoming feminine personalities, stalked onto the set. As Claudette walked across the Paramount lot, Mr. DeMille emerged from behind a piece of scenery where he had been watching her intently, and stopped her.

"What on earth have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, in his direct, determined fashion. "Why have you been playing the rôles of unsophisticated girls? Don't you know that you are wicked? You are the wickedest young woman I have ever laid eyes upon!"—and DeMille lives in Hollywood—"you are the essence of sophistication!"

Were Claudette's cheeks red? Did she draw her cloak of reserve about her and murmur, "Sir, how dare you?" She did not. It was all she could do to restrain herself from playing a big emotional scene right on the lot, without cameras, lights, or anything, as Cecil DeMille added, "I want you, young woman, for the rôle of that arch-seductress among women—*Pop-pae*." Claudette was enchanted; "The Sign of the Cross" was produced, and together they won the battle.

And they said she had found her sex appeal! Shades of "The Barker" and "See Naples and Die," and her other plays on Broadway!

Perhaps it is part of the innate practicality of her French heritage; perhaps it is because of a delicious sense of humor; perhaps because she had a brother who wouldn't let her take herself too seriously, or perhaps it is just because of her own good head, well-poised on her shapely young shoulders, but the fact remains that in the midst of the idiosyncracies of the topsy-turvy film world, she stands forth as a girl who managed to keep her head up and her feet down.

Claudette changed the way she wore her hair to suit her new personality. She adopted the simplicity of the bangs and straight hair worn by the Egyptians. Finding the bangs effective, she modified the coiffure further for her own personal use.

So it is a sophisticated Claudette who vacations in New York between pictures; who plays at Palm Springs; who loves life and lives it fully.

Claudette confesses that when she first went out to Hollywood she found her equilibrium was fast being upset. It all happened at the Brown Derby. For some reason or other, mostly because everybody did it and it seemed to be expected of her,

she went there for luncheon practically every day. She had made several successful pictures in the East and had that flourishing stage career behind her to bolster up her self-esteem. But Hollywood hasn't exactly the reputation for being particularly generous in its attitude towards



Hail to the film goddess! Diana Wynyard is caught by the camera on her way home for a visit in England, following her triumphs in "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna."



Here's a handsome pair of budding stars, Bill Janney and Helen Mack.

a newcomer. Claudette felt she was being stared at and dissected. And she began to feel that in the midst of all the beauties and charm, and the general atmosphere of sex appeal rampant, she was being adjudged in simple parlance as "none too hot." She began to get nervous, unduly sensitive, horribly self-conscious. She ate her lunch daily in misery.

"Until one day it occurred to me," she says now, "that after all it wasn't in my contract to appear daily at the Brown Derby, and since I didn't like the general appraising attitude, what the devil was I going there for?" (Claudette likes her cuss words).

So she stopped going places, and now with the few friends she has selected as boon companions, she spends most of her time in the house Greta Garbo once selected as a safe retreat, and which Claudette now rents as her Hollywood home.

But what about her domestic affairs? Claudette believes in homes—one for herself and one for her husband, Norman Foster. When she first went out to Hollywood she did go so far as to stay a few days under her husband's roof, but she and Norman continue to keep separate homes.

After seeing Norman's picture, "State Fair," Claudette sent Foster a wire saying: "You are still my favorite juvenile."

This, from the sophisticated Claudette, means a lot!

Girl with "Uniform" Appeal!

Continued from page 61

yes, I know! It is that one with such pretty music, and that funny Zhimmy with the great, big nose. 'Pink Me Strike,' they call it."

During the drive out "on location" for the newsreel take, she told of the course of events in Europe that had led to her coming to America, a widely-acclaimed film star.

"That I should become an actress in Germany was natural, for both my parents were artistic. There is always an actor in our family, each generation at least one. My uncle, August Palme, was a very famous actor in Sweden, and created many of the rôles written by the great Strindberg.

"When I was a schoolgirl we children used to act plays for our friends and our parents. It was a regular little theatre—people came to hear us, and told us when we were good and when we were bad. One day, when I was yet fifteen, a professor from the University of Munich heard me recite and act, and he took me to see Reinhardt at Vienna. For Reinhardt I recited a scene from Ibsen's "Wild Duck," and when I finished he asked me to join his company for a four-year contract. It was the happiest of all days for me!"

The young actress did not remain long with Reinhardt, however. Impatient of his leisurely, detailed method of training, she obtained her release at the end of six months and joined the Münchener Kammerspiele at Munich. After playing a number of varied rôles there, she accepted an offer from a moving picture company in the same city, and starred in a succession of films, her début picture being called "Heimliche Sünde." Then back for another engagement at the Kammerspiele, and a term with the Frankfurt Schauspielhaus at Frankfurt-am-Main. Her acting experience ran the entire gamut of rôles, from small comedy bits to singing rôles in light opera and leads in Shakespeare and Andreyev. Finally Carl Froelich called her to Berlin for the part in "Maedchen in Uniform" that brought her world-wide fame and a summons to Hollywood.

Shortly before sailing for the United

States Miss Wieck completed another picture, "Anna and Elizabeth," with the little blonde Hertha Thiele, who was the young schoolgirl in "Maedchen in Uniform." This new picture possesses the same spiritual, elusive quality that distinguished their former vehicle, and in it Miss Wieck again plays a non-romantic rôle. But she would have you know that she has no intention of wasting her widely varied experience gained on the European stage and screen by permitting herself to become "typed." In her future pictures she would like to play dramatic or tragic parts of the classical type: *Mme. Bovary* or *Thais*, for example.

Judging from her camera presence in the brief bit of action she performed that morning, Dorothea Wieck need have no qualms about being able to "get herself across" on the American screen. "Splendid—you can see she's had marvelous training," was the comment of Bill Frawley, stage actor, who had the greeter's rôle in the newsreel. (And by the way, how much longer are the producers going to allow this expert and amusing young actor to remain off the screen?)

Miss Wieck's first American "picture" was completed, and the party headed for New York. On the way home she was discussing with Frawley the stage play, "Twentieth Century," in which she had seen him act a few evenings before.

"Eugenie Leontovich, who heads the cast, is a great admirer of yours," remarked Frawley.

"Thank you," Dorothea Wieck responded. "Please give her my greetings—tell her I am sorry I did not meet her, and that I hope she breaks her neck!"

General consternation! That is, until Miss Wieck, much amused, explained that this is the invariable form of good wishes among Continental actors. To wish "good luck," on the other hand, is deemed unlucky in their reverse code of stage superstition.

So, *auf wiedersehen*, Dorothea Wieck—or Baroness von der Decken. And, when you face the cameras in Hollywood, here's hoping you "break your neck"!

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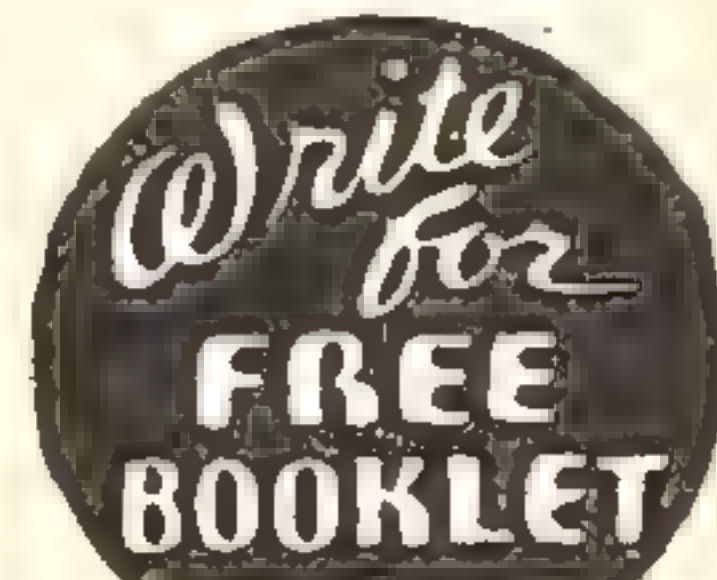
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Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10

Looking Forward

M-G-M

Talk about Lionel Barrymore's ups and downs! From a department store head in "Sweepings," he now sinks to a lowly clerk whom Lewis Stone fires. This film of hard times in England, and how two opposite social classes fight through them, is a fine and sensitive story. Barrymore and Stone give a grand show. Elizabeth Allan, Phil Holmes and Benita Hume also shine.

Murders in the Zoo

Paramount

"That man's here again!" Lionel Atwill, the screen's bogey-man, contributes another unpleasant rôle to his movie career. This time he uses the zoo as a background for his dastardly deeds. Charlie Ruggles, as the zoo's press agent, brightens this gloomy film considerably. John Lodge makes his screen debut. Romance supplied by Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott.

Destination Unknown

Universal

Yo-ho, and 25,000 bottles of rum! A sea-going bootlegger and the rebellious skipper of his vessel fight for supremacy when the wind fails and the water supply runs low. It's an unusual yarn and a rattling good one, too—until a note of religious allegory enters, turning it into a rather undramatic sermon. Realistic evil-doing by Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy.

Pleasure Cruise

Fox

A zippy little farce, much enlivened by the high comedy antics of Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin. Roland is a jealous spouse who ships as a steward on a cruise liner to keep tabs on his vacationing wife. The complications resulting when he cuts in on her flirtations are quite spicy, and deftly handled. Frank Tuttle's witty direction adds to the fun.

Out All Night

Universal

With more action and bounce than their previous effort, this second Pitts-Summer-ville comedy will keep you laughing. Slim is a repressed youth whose timorous romance with Zasu is wrecked by his domineering mother (Laura Hope Crews). In a whirlwind finish Slim goes berserk, puts Ma in her place, and wins back his fluttering lady-love.

Mind Reader

First National

Debunking the crystal-gazing racket. The film starts off briskly and reveals several fortune-telling tricks, but it doesn't hold this pace very long. However, the acting is top-notch throughout. Warren William, as the bogus mind-reader, Allen Jenkins, as his accomplice, and charming Constance Cummings are the principals, each does a good job.

The Public Be Heard!

Continued from page 6

"REFRESHING" RUBY! (Fourth Prize Letter)

Where have the Screen Powers been keeping Ruby Keeler? She brings the very spirit of youth to the screen. Her naturalness, charm, and vivacity are refreshing and exhilarating, to say the least. So realistic is her performance that one seems to live the scenes with her. Truly a new star is in the firmament!

I wish to express my thanks to the producers of "42nd Street," both for Ruby and for the picture. The entire cast was well chosen, and each performance was excellent. And the songs and music are certainly deserving of the great popularity they have attained. "42nd Street" is truly a "New Deal" picture.

T. M. Fehman,
1452 Divisadero St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

GREETING A FINE ARTIST

At last! Here's a brunette possessing youth, beauty, and talent, plus a little something to make her different from any other Hollywood star. Her name? Dorothea Wieck—those who saw her in "Maedchen in Uniform" will surely agree about her high talent and loveliness.

We in England think her great, just for that one performance. I prophesy a wonderful future for her. Her sincerity will make many a star appear weak by comparison. Some continental importations, I know, have proved very poor; but I am convinced that this gift from Germany will give us many hours of pure joy.

Gwendoline Southwood,
19, Chiltern Drive,
Surbiton, Surrey, England.

HE'S NUTTY BUT NICE!

Why don't we see more of the mirth-provoking Charlie Ruggles? In my estimation he is the silver screen's best comedian. You can have your slapstick fat men, and your cigar-chewing comedians; but give me Charlie any day. The others, I admit, are all right in their own way; that is, if you happen to be in the right mood. If not, their particular brand of

humor is apt to become boresome. But one does not have to be in a certain mood in order to enjoy the irrepressible Charlie.

This old world needs a dose of good, hilarious laughter—laughter that will make it forget its cares. And I advocate Charlie as just the lad to administer it!

Beatrice A. Hargrove,
408 W. 130th St.,
New York City.

EVEN THE GREAT ARE HUMAN!

We *do* need to know a lot about the lives of our movie favorites. And it's not what we learn that counts, but how we take it.

We need not go goofy with adoration because they are beautiful, gorgeously attired, gifted, charming, game sports, and successful. Nor do we need to feel personally injured and betrayed to learn that they are also human, sportive, decently selfish, shrewd investors, and, of necessity, self-centered and aloof.

Whatever else they are, they haven't lacked courage or ability; they haven't shirked responsibility or hard work. And that's why they are where they are.

Edna Geraughty,
1412 Central St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

A RABID RAVE FOR TRACY!

What if Lee Tracy were substituted for Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Clark Gable and Johnny Weissmuller? The motion picture industry would be revolutionized, that's what!

Not one of the aforesaid gentlemen can compare with Tracy in any of his characteristic impersonations. Don't those fluttering hands fairly make you live the part this Tracy lad portrays? Don't those quick glances and meaningful gestures make you squirm in your seat with the thrill of action?

What this country really needs is more Lee Tracys!

James W. Schulemann,
5309 Kennedy Ave.,
East Chicago, Ind.



Wide World

Dorothea Wieck, Hollywood's new "big gun" from Germany, meets a famous compatriot on the Coast. Please note, you feminists, that Miss Wieck hasn't gone "mannish," notwithstanding Marlene's example.

JUNE CLYDE
POPULAR STAR

Her
little
secret!



(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just *what* she does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample!

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Simply apply Delatone and wipe away all superfluous hair. White, fragrant, economical. Used by millions of women for 25 years. Delatone Cream 50c and \$1, Delatone Powder \$1 at drug and dept. stores. 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores. Descriptive circular free. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 147, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. Also makers of Nul Deodorant. Ask your dealer.

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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY

543 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 66

HOLLYWOOD is a town of gossip and rumors. This may be traced to the fact that Hollywood is also the home of thousands of famous people—people whose names command newspaper banner-lines for the slightest stories.

A group of writers dined in the Brown Derby one recent noon. They discussed rumors and revived many old and new ones. All agreed that the three most amazing and unbelievable fabrications now current in Hollywood are:

That Rudolf Valentino is not dead, but that another man is dead and the present George Raft is actually Valentino.

That Maureen O'Sullivan was offered freedom from deportation by immigration officers if she would testify as to the conduct of a certain English writer.

That John Warburton is in fact the Prince of Wales, enjoying a lark by appearing *incognito* in motion pictures.

Of course, like most rumors, all three are absurd.

RICHARD ARLEN is guilty of the following phonetic spasm, which you may interpret for yourself: "Eskimo Christians and Italian no lies."

MY-O-MY, but are the studios becoming polite! At the magnificent Fox plant in Westwood, genteel little signs beg visitors and employees *please* to observe studio rules.

Fifty neat little "Please let me grow" signs spot the spacious lawns, and the score of goldfish pools bear the sugar-coated warning, "Thank you, we have had plenty to eat." The studio police force is instructed to address everyone as "sir" or "miss."

We may assume that even the customarily brusque gatemen have been ordered to curtsy before saying: "Pardon us, but you can't enter."

DOROTHY PONDELL, make-up girl, will swear that Marlene Dietrich is the nicest woman in all Hollywood.

Marlene gave Miss Pondell a beautifully mounted star ruby as a goodbye gift before she left Hollywood. The girl was Miss Dietrich's make-up woman throughout the star's contract with Paramount.

OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: "Our Conrad Nagel Fan Club is one of the oldest and best," pens Mae Schepeck, president, 1715 Stephenson street, Marinette, Wis. "I have corresponded with Conrad since March, 1923, and he has never failed to co-operate with his club during the intervening ten years."

"I saw Tallulah Bankhead's stage play and I'm excited over it," writes Marion L. Hesse, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J. "The camera never caught her personality properly and none of her stories did her justice. I hope she makes another movie just to prove how stupid they were about her in Hollywood."

Wilma Elliott, president of the Jean Harlow Happy Hearts Chapter, Short Falls, N. H., comments: "I saw 'State Fair' the other day and now Lew Ayres is one of my favorites. Doesn't it seem odd that Janet Gaynor and Lew should be playing together when both are among Hollywood's newest divorcees?"



Maureen O'Sullivan is all fresh and summery in her starched lace frock with organdie flowers at the back of the belt, and her large-brimmed picture hat of white straw. Note the wreath of patent leather leaves with patent leather trim which adorns the hat.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S fall from a horse proved more serious than generally supposed; it resulted in vertebrae trouble . . . Bert Wheeler says those high-front, long-back dresses look like winter in front and summer behind . . . George Bernard Shaw turned down John Barrymore's request for a personal autograph . . . Robert Armstrong has constructed a beer garden in his own back yard . . . Benita Hume, Una Merkel and Maureen O'Sullivan went in a group to purchase bicycles; the store owner became so excited he forgot to pump air in the tires . . . In Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Richard Arlen and Joel McCrea, the movies have a swimming team capable of defeating the strongest Olympic team.

HAVE you wondered how many of the stars acquired their stage names? So have I, and one day I made inquiries with these results:

Barbara Stanwyck discovered an old theatre program of the play, "Barbara Frietchie." The leading lady's last name was "Stanwyck." By combining the two names, Mrs. Frank Fay achieved *Barbara Stanwyck*.

Jack Oakie went to New York from Oklahoma. His friends called him *Oklahoma*, but soon shortened that to *Oka*. Jackie himself changed it to *Oakie*.

Fredric Bickel decided that printers would make his name into *Pickel*. Seeking a new name, he remembered that the month was March, so he became *Fredric March*.

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a **SKIN** that
Captivates Men?



Her lovely skin helps
KAY FRANCIS
captivate the gallant
WILLIAM POWELL
in their latest Warner Bros. hit
ONE WAY PASSAGE



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JUST for curiosity's sake, try a close-up of your complexion. Find a good strong light and an honest mirror . . . Are you surprised at what you see?

Is there a tendency toward dullness? A line or wrinkle here and there? A suggestion of dryness—even roughness?

Don't dodge these questions! It's important that you know the truth, if you expect your skin to be attractive to others. If the mirror shows your face losing some of its radiance, the sooner you find out the better.

Begin at once to correct those complexion flaws. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help you. Made with a base of pure, soothing *Olive Oil*, this fluffy-dry powder is used by millions of women not only to enhance their beauty, but to *protect* it, too.

Because it restores to dry tissues their missing oils, OUTDOOR GIRL keeps the skin soft, smooth and gloriously supple. It's as light and airy as thistle-down, yet it clings longer than any other powder you have used.

Try this different face powder today. It is delicately scented and comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are priced to meet the limits of your purse. Available at leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.* If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon for the "Introductory Sampler."

*Reduced price, in keeping with the times! Regular \$1.00 size OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder—now 50c. Same quality! Same quantity! Same package! Nothing changed but the price—half of what it was!



This "INTRODUCTORY SAMPLER" contains liberal samples of the following OUTDOOR GIRL preparations:

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I enclose 10c to cover handling and postage. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing the 5 preparations mentioned in your advertisement.

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Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life's thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make your eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It's easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurements is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.

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